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Vol. CXX. No. 1572 MAR. 8, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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After which Harling dined alone and sat alone, returned every night to a house the loneliness of which was ghastly, and heard his wife on the creaking stairs on her way to a lonely bed. Injustice? He considered that that word applied equally to him. He talked to himself of pulling his weight in the boat — that phrase she disliked so much, and of which, because of a lack of training, the average woman knows nothing and, as he maintained, cares a damn sight less. It was a pity that he was without an elderly philosophical friend and adviser who could tell him with brutal frankness what a perfect ass he was and talk wisely about the need of a reasonable point of view. It wasn't enough, it's never enough for a husband to supply his wife merely with meat and vegetables, servants and a roof, especially when she's young. But this man hated failure and wouldn't own to it. And so he cracked the whip. Whereupon, with her chin stuck out and her lips made all the redder by the whiteness of her face, Tessa announced that she had finished with that "cruel house" and went off to Le Touquet with her mother *and the gang* . . . .

In "THE DESERTED CITY"
by Cosmo Hamilton

All in this month's Issue:

"GETHSEMANE" by Dean Eltham
"DANGER" by May Edginton
"I AM GLAD THAT I AM GROWING OLDER!" by Lady Drummond Hay
"HOLLYWOOD . . . FROM THE INSIDE" by Leslie Fenton
"GOODBYE TO ALL THOSE" by Beverley Nichols
"MODERN NOVELS AND THEIR CRITICS" by Lord Birkenhead
"TOUTING" by May Edginton
"WE OF THIS ISLAND" by Cosmo Hamilton
"THE REST OF THE WORLD" by Diana Bourbon
"MEIN SCHATZ" by Geoffrey Moss
"WHEN THE DEAD RIDE" by Armine von Tempski
"WHAT MAKES A PLAY SUCCEED' by Ruth Teazle
"FRENCH, GERMAN AND DANISH NOVELS—AND AN ENGLISH ONE" by Arnold Palmer
"ENGLISH MANNER AND AMERICAN MATTER" by Sydney Tremayne
"I BELIEVED . . . IN HEAVEN AND HELL" by The Rt. Hon. Sir William Bull
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY," painted by F. Matania, R.I.
THE FUN FAIR
"FOUR SPRING RECIPES" by Catherine Ives
"CASSEROLE COOKERY" by Catherine Ives
"THE DESERTED CITY" by Cosmo Hamilton
"FURNISHING THE HOME" by Baseden Butt
"I'M A DREAMER – AREN'T WE ALL?"
A TELEGRAM FROM PARIS ON THE LATEST FASHIONS
THREE PRACTICAL STYLES FOR SPRING DAYS
MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT IN THE NURSERY
"MONOGRAMS" by Marion Dorn
"FLOORS AND CEILINGS" by Grace Lovat Fraser
"THE GLASS AGE" by Wilma Bernhard
"GADGETS"
"THE LITTLE THINGS THAT MATTER . . . IN PARIS" by Mary Pandos
AN ATTRACTIVE COSTUME FOR EARLY SPRING
PATTERNED TWEEDS ARE CORRECT FOR MORNING WEAR
THREE NEW VERSIONS OF THE AFTERNOON GOWN
SOME NEW IDEAS ON THE NECKLINE
MODERN QUILTS OF TRADITIONAL DESIGN
"THE KEY OF LIFE" by Sir Philip Gibbs
"THIS QUESTION OF REDUCING" by Margaret Gaye
"HOCKEY SPORTS" by Mrs. Eustace White
"BADMINTON TOURNAMENT PLAY' by Alice M. Cooke
THE CHILDREN'S SALON
WOMEN'S GOLF SECTION by Eleanor E. Helme
THE "EVE" GOLF COMPETITIONS
"NEW LEGS FOR OLD"
"VENUS RISES AGAIN FROM THE FOAM" by "Chrysis"
"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE" by the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall
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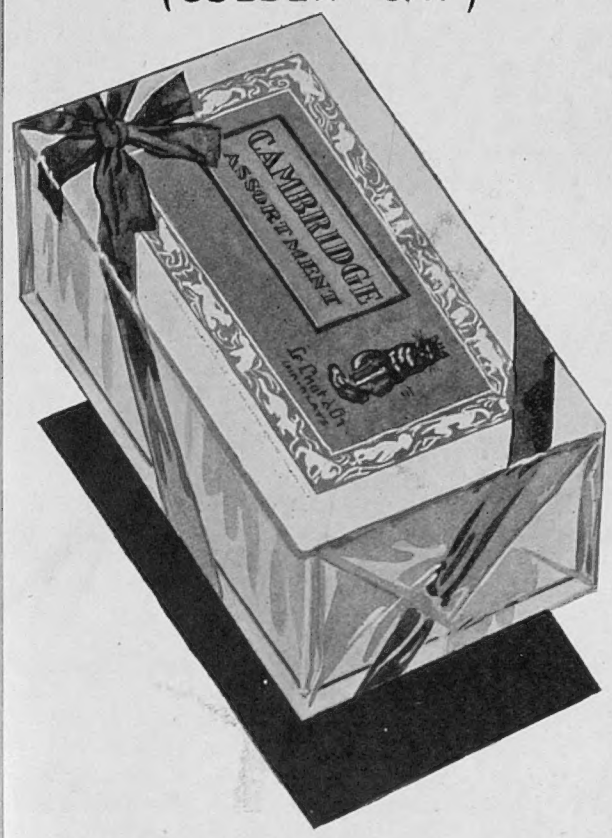

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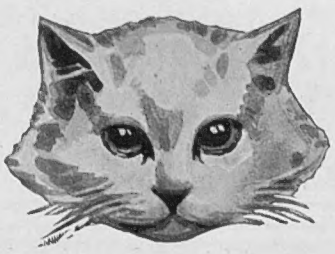

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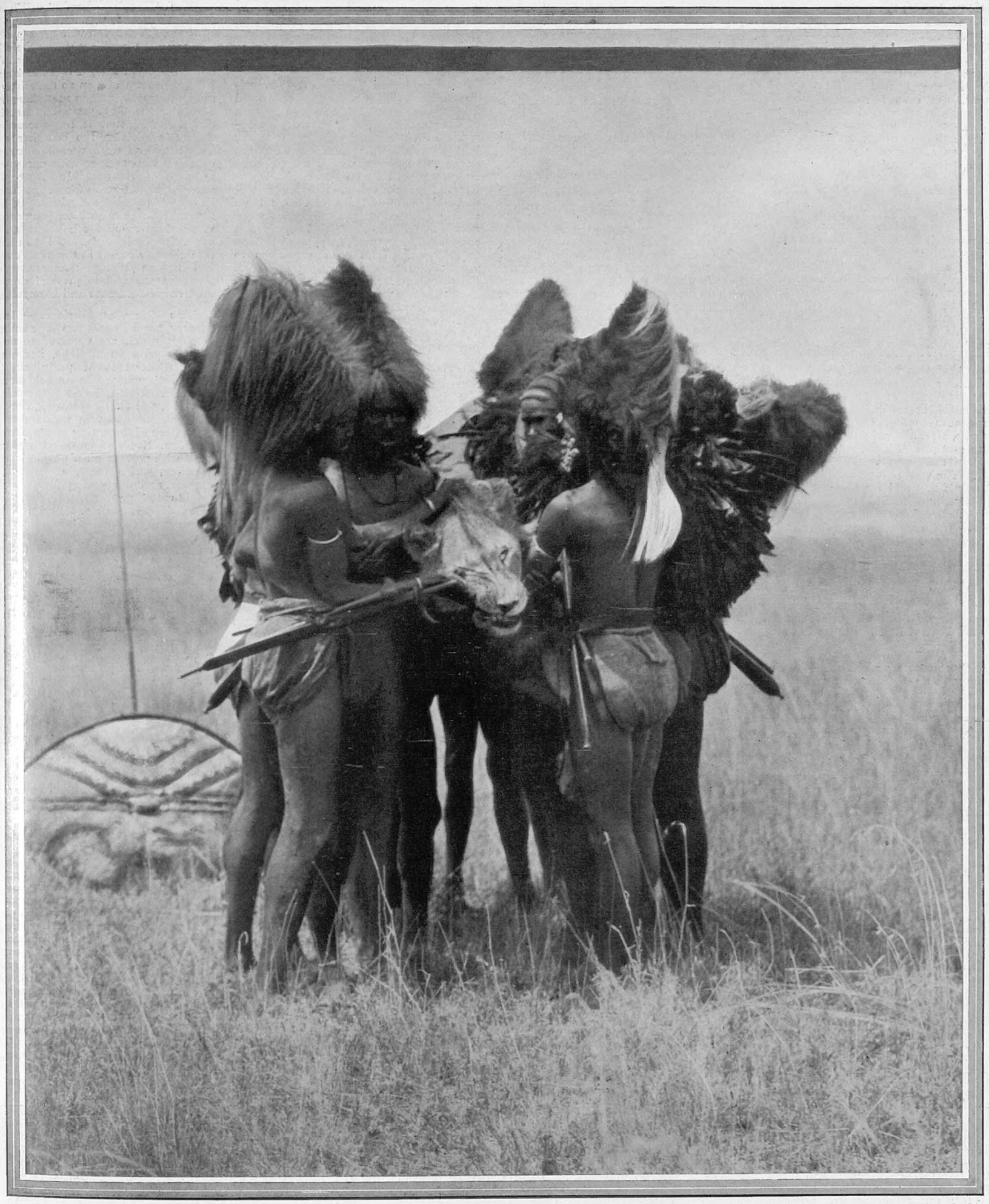
THE SPHERE

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume CXX. No. 1572 Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } London, March 8, 1930



Native warriors raising the lion after the kill

TRIBAL CUSTOMS where the PRINCE OF WALES LAY ILL

Grave concern has been felt throughout the world since the news was published that the Prince of Wales had gone down with a sharp attack of malaria during his holiday in Africa. The Prince has lived strenuous days in the Dark Continent, indulging his enthusiasm for the chase, pursuing elephant and lion, and was robbed of a shot at a fine specimen of the former beast only because it scented the native porters. It seems fated that the Prince's African trips should be interrupted, for last year when H.R.H. was taking a sorely needed holiday he was summoned home by his royal father's grave illness and this year's trip has been marred by his own indisposition. The bulletins, however, are favourable, and it is to be expected that by the time these words appear in print the Prince will have completely recovered and will be enjoying his original programme.

A London News-Letter.

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.
Wednesday, March 5, 1930.

A Welcome Arrival.—"Lady Persephone arrived in Surrey from Hades at 2.30 this afternoon." So ran the tape announcement last Wednesday. As ever, her arrival was sudden and unannounced. It followed a fortnight of dark, cold, cheerless winter, and last Wednesday dawned like just such another day But at two o'clock the wind shifted southward and the sun came out in a cloudless sky. Every year the miracle occurs—the first realisation of spring and the sun's power, but never do I recall a swifter, more glorious transformation. The daffodils burst into bloom, the thrushes chuckled, hats and coats were laid aside, the rheumatic gardener dug like a Guardsman in 1915, the grass turned green, the new baby began to speak the King's English, everybody started singing, there was a rush of grey flannel trousers to the cleaner, the retired colonels attacked their niblicks with sandpaper, and the whole outlook and mentality of the nation experienced a complete transformation. In my own case, certain twinges of pain in the forearm were definitely diagnosed as tennis elbow. Let us face the week's hard facts frankly but without pessimism.

Politics and Persons.—Because of its simple truth Mr. Oliver's *Endless Adventure* is the saddest reading in current literature. As in the days of Walpole and Carteret, so in the days of Baldwin, Beaverbrook, Ramsay, and Rothermere, the personal factor ever guides the political, and consciously or unconsciously private antipathies clog the wheels of sane progress on patriotic lines. And all the outworn notions of all our yesterdays reappear to screech and preen themselves in brand new clothes. The rumour grows that Ramsay's head is now beginning to emerge from the sun-kissed clouds that rake the summit of the Adirondacks to find his Naval Conference was, after all. only the rosy dream of two sentimental idealists enjoying the sound of their own voices on a holiday jaunt. The weaker brethren are saying that war is still and for ever will be the last resort of all civilized nations, and the first preoccupation of all sane Governments. *Ruit exiguus mus*. The greatest political bathos of the age has been expensively produced, and may be taken off after a costly bolstered-up run. A signal failure of the Conference must wipe out all the Government's early-won prestige in the field of foreign politics. In the domestic arena it is already badly shaken. Another General Election stares us in the face.

Righteousness and Truth.—At such a time as this the Conservative Party is only slightly less disintegrated than the Liberal. Righteousness and Truth (in the persons of Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere) have kissed each other in the cause of the Prosperity Party, and their only rivalry now is a friendly rivalry between the publicity agents of a household remedy, united in the cause they serve. The new idea is as old as politics, and some declare as practicable as driving a herd of blind pigs to a pin-point across a desert. Mr. Baldwin is a just man and remarkable for his self-control. But his hatred of Lord Rothermere goes beyond political antipathy, and must be regarded as a personal hatred and an obsession. None who has listened to Mr. Baldwin's conversation can fail to observe how that obsession holds sway and colours his daily thought.

Circuses as Promised.—Without considering, then, the merits of the Prosperity Party's policy, nor the ultimate motives of those who sponsored it and boost it—let us indeed assume the existence of careful forethought and the purest motives—we are faced with the certainty that the one party which stands between us and a limitless opportunity for draining the country of its resources and sapping the vitality of our national character, is doomed to emasculation through the personal antipathies and human frailties of half-a-dozen men. We have lost the art of hero-worship and apathetically observe in the political arena the thrusts and stabs of little men fighting for their own careers with net and spear. These indeed are the public circuses we are forced to accept in lieu of the brighter public performances promised for the price of our votes.

Defeatism?—Is this defeatism? I think not. It is a fantastic parable no doubt, an atrocious exaggeration. But it is conceived in a good cause; it is at least a small effort to bring public men to their senses, to a sense of their responsibilites, to a recollection of their trusteeship. This is no time for airing private quarrels, for pursuing personal vendettas, for dreaming or for scheming individually. It is the custom of every coward in the hour of danger to charge his neighbour with defeatism, if he so much as attempt to marshal the hard facts arrayed against them. It is not the country that is at fault. The country is still sound enough to struggle back to prosperity. Industry is crippled, but the men at the head of it, and the men in the heart of it, are sane and energetic and hopeful still. It is the politicians who are wobbling and quarrelsome and "windy," and there is one bounden duty before them, to close their ranks, to sink their differences, to banish their hates and fears, and to give the nation a decent chance to pull itself round. It is the spring of the year and we are all ready for a hearty renaissance.

The Cabinet Makers' Union.—I wrote nothing last week about the French political crisis. Why? Because I keep files of the "Newsletter" stretching backwards across the years, and I find that if one devotes a paragraph to a new Government in France it invariably becomes a back number before the lines are in print. And this would have been my fate again. The Cabinet makers of France are the only body of workers in civilization that resist the slogan of *ca' canny*. They love their work, they have turned out more Cabinets than their opposite numbers in any six other countries. They always work with the same materials, admirably seasoned, but practically speaking, it is mass production, and that accounts for the enormous output. A nation has the Cabinets it deserves, and it is not cricket to jibe at a neighbour's misfortunes. But it is hard luck on the already rather moulting peace-dove whose cooing so recently charmed the sightseer in St. James's.

A Pernicious Tendency.—There is no more pernicious tendency encouraged by the sensational Press to-day than that of superstition. We have moved far—we boast—from the dark ages; it is our habit to treat with patronising toleration or cynical indifference religion, the Church and its ministers, we boast of our enlightenment, our scientific knowledge and our education—and for all that, a large section of the population undoubtedly remains enslaved to medieval superstition and finds this weakness a definite handicap to progress. It is no exaggeration to say this. Many a housemaid creates a life complex through breaking a looking-glass; many a life is lost in the streets of big cities because of the ladder obsession; hotel proprietors and railway companies are compelled to take measures to cater for the No. 13 and Friday superstitions; and everyone who reads this paragraph will acknowledge that he has created for himself a bad-luck tradition in connection with some colour of wearing apparel, or the use of some object in his possession. "I always have an accident if I wear this colour, or use this stick, or go abroad in Lent, or what not." It is a trifle, but a tremendous trifle, and don't you deny it. It exists in you, this superstitious thraldom, and minutely but definitely it clogs your wheels.

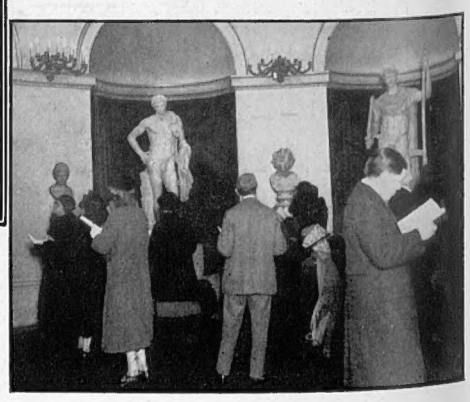
A Mummy's Curse.—It is a far cry from Tutankhamen's age and country to Battersea in 1930. But if you have allowed yourself to be impressed by all the twaddle concerning the fate which relentlessly pursues those who disturb the tombs of the Pharaohs, you will begin to believe that a bag of old bones, for aeons decayed, achieved the maiming of two innocent little boys in Battersea in 1930. You will begin to watch the doomed existence of Mr. Howard Carter, the "sole survivor" of those unhappy and imprudent mortals who tampered with Tut and to wonder when the blow will fall. Mr. Carter, I allow, is doomed. Death waits for him, but it waits also impartially for you and me who had no lot in the spoliation.

The Gipsy's Warning.—When the sun shines and you are reading *The Financial News* you will pooh-pooh the idea that the accident which befell the hearse bearing the remains of Lord Westbury can be traced to Tutankhamen, but you are not always so materially and sanely disposed during your waking hours. I tell you the Government is heaving a sigh of relief that it has succeeded so simply in shelving the Blasphemy Bill. The Socialists were dreading my curse on those who tamper with our so-called religious convictions. Rightly exploited our national weakness for superstition can be turned to excellent advantage, but in the individual superstition is a degrading vice and shows up the hopeless failure of our national education. Belief in witches is still deeply rooted in the West country, and broken looking-glasses and gipsy warnings can still blight and determine the lives of duchesses and kitchenmaids.

The Saturday Review.—In this country we still possess a number of journals which are enslaved to no individual's private ambitions, nor muzzled by considerations of party or "big-business" policy. In an arid desert of misrepresentation, half-truth, crude propaganda, and cheap sensation, they stand like grateful oases in which men may drink deep of the spring of truth and fair criticism. Every responsible journal which deals with politics must obviously uphold a policy, which must, of course, be a national and a patriotic policy, sufficiently firmly rooted to be safe from the indignity of a sudden volte-face. And if life is to be given to the written word, the political convictions of the journal must be entrusted to the safe keeping of the editor and of his staff of writers and by them endorsed. The proprietor of a journal may declare in favour of any policy he pleases, but if he value the reputation of his journal he will make no sudden transformation, and if he value the services of his staff he will do nothing radical until he has given timeous notice of his intentions and secured the approval or consent of those responsible for his organ. For years I have valued *The Saturday Review*, delighted in its fair but outspoken criticisms in the field of politics, and set store by its stimulating literary pages. It has seemed to me the ideal of what a popular weekly review should be. Therefore I deeply regret the accident or imprudence which inevitably led to the resignation of Mr. Barry and his clever staff.

By Forethought and Bicarbonate.—By the use of the commodities named in my heading, the sex of an unborn infant can be determined in the masculine gender. A specialist of European reputation has, after exhaustive experiment, made this simple discovery. A pinch of bicarbonate—and a whole bundle of our current problems vanish in smoke. The unwanted female, women in Government offices, the servant problem, revolting daughters, woman-domination, the feminising of journalism, all these subjects for headlines and head-shaking will be done away with. In twenty years' time the bicarbonate male will outnumber the female in these islands, and there will be a scramble to marry the vanishing and elusive fair one.

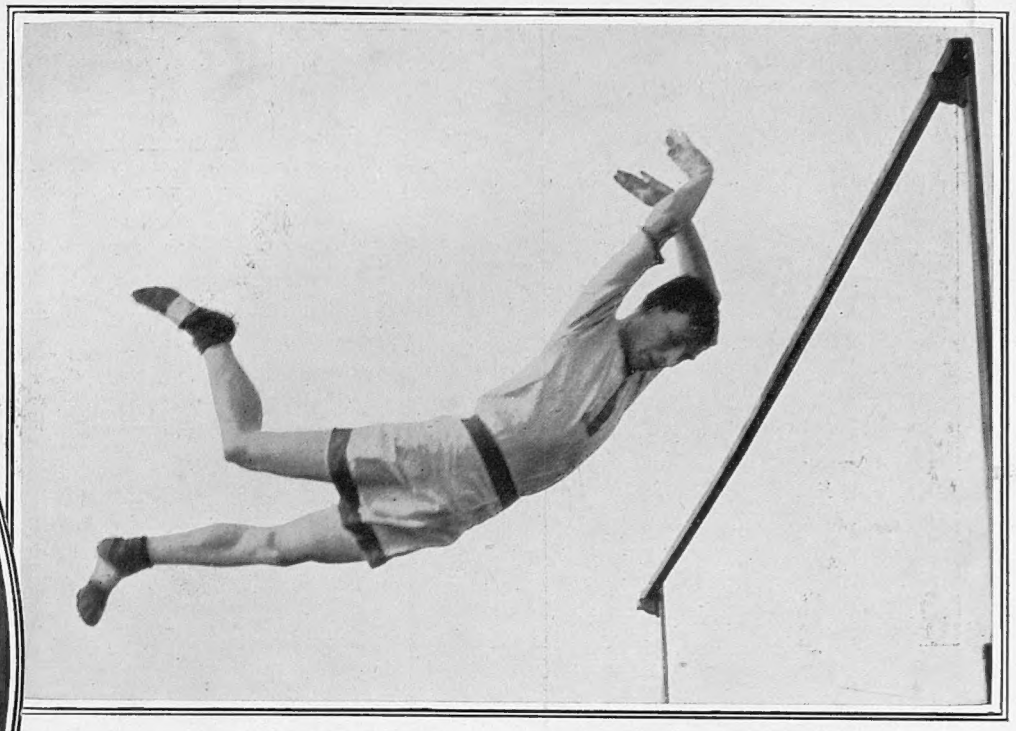
THE OLD STAGER.



AGRICULTURAL AGITATION: Mr. George Dallas, M.P., of the Workers' Union, addresses a mass meeting of thousands of British Farmers on the historic Cambridge Common, "Parker's Piece." The farmers are demanding immediate action by the Government to ameliorate the sorry plight of British agriculture. On left and right are two mementoes of the two landmarks of London soon to vanish. *On left* is a scene at the Hotel Cecil, to be taken over by the Shell Mex Company; *on right* a party is looking at the Lansdowne Marbles in Lansdowne House, a building to be retained as a club

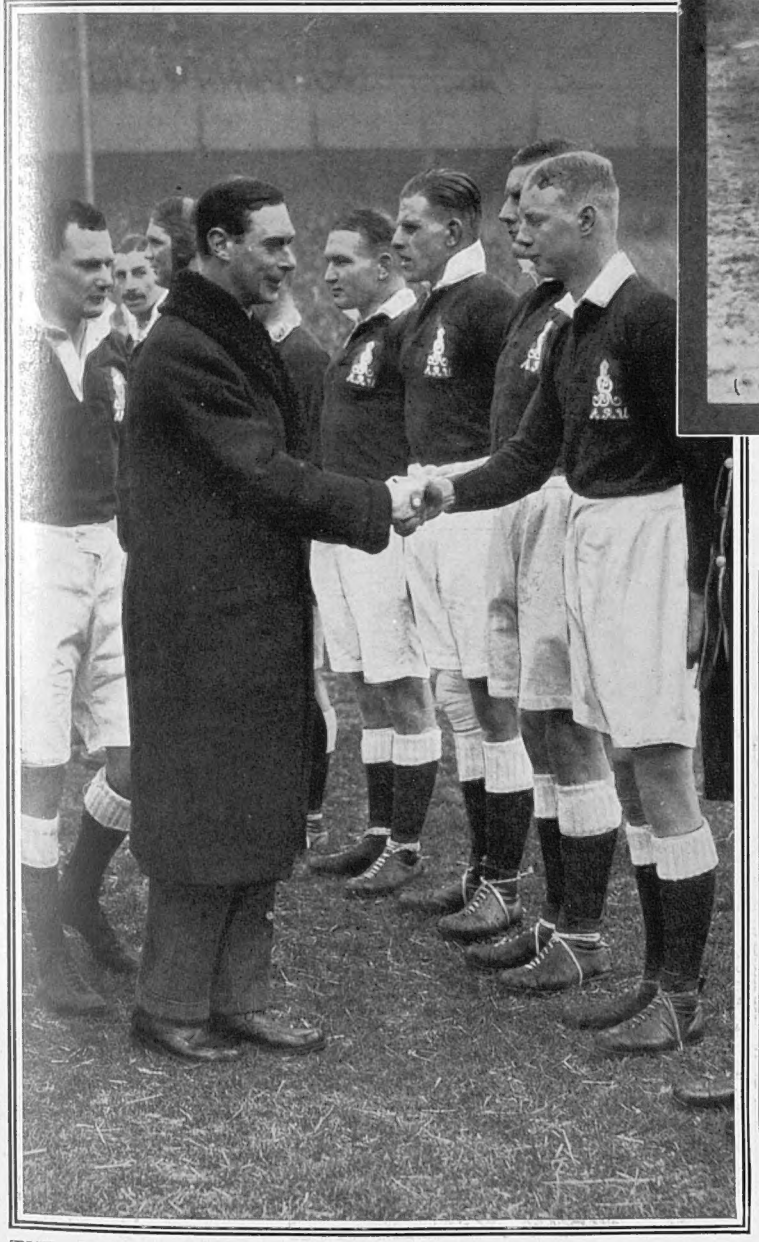
A Week of Sport

THE FINAL OF A SPRINT: Mr. E. W. Goodwillie (Stellenbosch and Balliol) wins the 100 yards at the Oxford University sports



UP AND OVER: Mr. F. Jacquard Smith (Cheltenham and Christ Church) wins the pole vault at the Oxford University sports. No event in a meeting produces such graceful attitudes as the pole vault, practitioners of which embody (unconsciously, of course) poses strongly reminiscent of the Russian Ballet

ARSENAL BEAT WEST HAM: Hufton, the "Hammers'" goal-keeper, saves spectacularly in the last half of the sixth round of the Cup Tie. Despite heroic efforts by the defenders, Arsenal won by 3 to 0



THE DUKE GREETS THE ARMY: H.R.H. the Duke of York greeted the teams when the Army played the Navy at Twickenham, a match which resulted in a victory for the younger service by 16 to 10. The Duke is seen above shaking heads with Second Lieutenant E. W. F. de V. Hunt

IN THE COTSWOLD CUP: Miss E. Sturt (248 Matchless) negotiates Sandy Lane, a boulder-strewn gradient near Cheltenham, during the Western Centres' Open Cotswold Cup Trial. Reliability trials of all sorts are increasingly popular in these days of "one man one car." Many of them last for 20 or more hours

THE YOUNGER LONDON

THE QUEEN VISITS THE WEST HAM MISSION: A charming study of Her Majesty surrounded by tiny children waving Union Jacks on the occasion of the Royal visit to the West Ham Mission on its 25th Anniversary

YOUTH AND AGE: London's oldest tube train has been unearthed 6 ft. under the surface of Seymour Street, Euston, after being lost for nearly sixty years. Children are seen above in one of the four trucks discovered

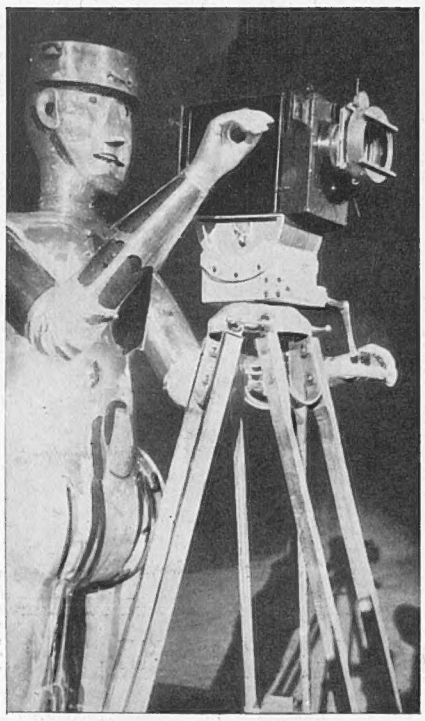
CEREMONIAL SKIRTS OF TO-DAY

THE TRAIN COMES INTO ITS OWN: The bridesmaids at the wedding of Mr. Randle Baker-Wilbraham and Miss Betty Torrens at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

TRAILING CLOUDS OF GLORY": Bridesmaids at a recent wedding at the Guards Chapel

BRUSHING THE GROUND: The silver-clad bridesmaids when Miss Barbara Blonn married Mr. A. A. Selborne at the Liberal Synagogue

ROBOT HUMOUR IN BERLIN



THE CINEMA OPERATOR: A machine-made man actually operates the camera, with excellent results

ACKNOWLEDGING A GREETING: Robot accepts the visiting card of his inventor, Captain W. H. Richards

"A *KISS* BY ANY OTHER NAME . . .": Robot, although made exclusively of metal, seems to have much in common with man

FANCY DRESS: Mr. Harry Helmsley's head on a charger—an amusing illusion created by Mr. Helmsley carrying on his shoulders the bust of a model chef

ETON'S HISTORIC CUSTOMS

"WE ARE A RAGTIME ARMY—THE E.C.O.T.C.!" Members of the Eton College O.T.C. give point (in appearance only) to one of their traditional marching songs. Sloped arms, white ties, morning coats, and top-hats pass muster for an occasional drill

THE REWARD OF SCHOLARSHIP—3d.! An ancient custom inaugurated 400 years ago by Roger Lupton, Provost of Eton, 1502-1535, is still observed. A new threepenny-piece is presented to each of the 70 scholars on the foundation

EXCAVATIONS OF SCIENCE

RELICS OF ROME: Excavations at Berkhamsted Castle, where William the Conqueror received the Saxon submission, reveal old medieval tiles emblazoned with an embryonic English lion and a cross fleury placed saltire-wise

A FRAGMENT OF A JOVIAN BOLT: The 85-lb. meteorite which fell near Paragould, Arkansas. It is believed to be part of the giant meteor which passed over the district, dazzling all who saw it by the intensity of its glare. The vivid blaze of such phenomena is, of course, caused by the terrific friction through the atmosphere

MR. COCHRAN'S YOUNG LADIES

A JURY POPULAR TO SERVE ON: Mr. C. B. Cochran submits his young ladies in the new revue, trying out in Manchester before coming to the London Pavilion, to the verdict of a dress jury

PICCADILLY OF THE PAST: Mr. C. B. Cochran with two of the displayers of fashions of 1900—a feature of the new C.B.C. revue, which will be seen for three weeks at Manchester before coming to the London Pavilion

GERMANY TO-DAY.

A First View of BERLIN

By ARNO DOSCH-FLEUROT

This is the First of a Short Series of Articles Dealing with the Great Changes that have come to the Cities of the Central Republics—Germany and Austria

THE SPIRIT OF GERMANY: An aerial foreshortening

In Berlin there is an institution the like of which does not, probably could not, exist in another capital. It is called "Haus Vaterland," and is all of that, the Fatherland extending to Vienna, Constantinople, and the Far West of America. It is only a collection of restaurants under one roof, but assembled by a genius in local colour.

You go, for instance, to luncheon on the Rhine (just off Postdamer Platz, Berlin). You sit on one of those broad terraces coquettishly arranged, dear to Rhinelanders, with a *blick* over the famous river, drinking the juice of the grape which illusion has growing on the edge of the cliff, beyond which the valley of the Rhine is spread on a panorama. A brass band plays old Rhenish martial music, and all that is needed to make one feel one is actually looking down on the Rhine is the thunderstorm staged every half-hour.

Childish, no doubt, but amusing to a people who love to be amused, who shiver under the protection of dripping caves, and fill up their glasses to dream over the rainbow until the inspiring brass of the band sets them — sometimes excruciatingly funnily assorted—to dancing between the tables.

Over the way in Munich with a *blick*, in successful panorama of the Tyrol, with frothy *steins* put on the table by bustling Bavarian girls, and the *stimmung* of a Munich beer hall, completed by a burst of Bavarian brass played by jovial fellows in well-filled leather breeches. Above the tables is an assortment of heads, the irregular bony structure of which leaves no doubt where they come from. One is in Munich.

Up a flight of stairs is Vienna, the Vienna one dreams about but has only seized odd bits off, at sundown on a summer night when the Danube looks as blue as the violins say it is, or in some quaint cellar with the *Heurigen*, the little wine of the country, flowing from syphons (it flows more steadily that way), and the jolly Viennese songs carried along on high sopranos. There is a view of Vienna, of course, with Stefansdom dominating the sweetest of Continental cities, many of its citizens discernible by their slimness in this building where corpulence is at home flirting over the *Heurigen* with attractive young persons who look as if they were playing the café scene in an old-time Viennese operette, as the bows of the elegant fiddlers draw out Strauss without end.

By changing floors one can be torn by passionate gipsy music, such as one can only hear and feel in a camp in the Carpathians, but that is not surprising because one is in a gipsy camp and most of the people who linger there have the burning black eyes one meets only down-Danube, and their brows darken as the wild and voluptuous music thickens the atmosphere.

Next to it Constantinople, under a soft moon with the Golden Horn on the panorama, coffee and fresh cigarettes on the tabourette.

The genius who developed the place has Berlin there, appropriately, as a *Tanz-Lokal* with comic entertainers. For that matter there is music and dancing around every corner, always in full swing. There is not a minute's let-up in the *stimmung*, and the way the place is built, with broad stairways and numerous landings decorated in the most violent modernist style, the visitor finds himself crashing from one atmosphere to another, carried on a thunder-bolt from Coblenz to Budapest.

Tens of thousands of laughing, joking, singing, dancing men and women pass through Haus Vaterland all day and night. Saturdays and Sundays they jam it. They eat and drink in large and cheerful companies. One never hears a peevish word in gutturals.

This is also true of another unusual institution in Berlin, the telephone café. On every table—these cafés are huge with hundreds of tables—there is an automatic telephone, and anyone, by noting the conspicuous number of another table, can telephone and calmly designate which one of the occupants he wishes to talk to. So many are always talking at a time, it is impossible to make out who is talking to whom. An institution to spoil the reputation of the place or to make jealous husbands furious and to start fights it might appear. But not in Berlin. The telephones do serve for rendezvous on the dance floor, which is taken in good part by all concerned, but chiefly it serves for jokes which add to the gaiety of the occasion.

FRANCO-GERMAN: Countess de Berlier-Souvigny, Mme Comnen and M. de Margerie, the French Ambassador at the Franco-German Ball, held at the Hotel Esplanade, Berlin

RUSSO-GERMAN: Prince Gabriel of Russia, Frau von Belaeff, Princess Gabriel, and Frau Dr. Gerdes at the Russian Ball—a quasi-political function held recently at the Hotel Esplanade, Berlin

GERMAN: A scene at the Police Ball. The Prussian Home Minister, Herr Grzesinski and the Chief of Police, Herr Zorgiebel, are seen above with two girls in police uniform

To make more fun, some of these establishments have added pneumatic-tube systems so notes can be sent from table to table. Equally incorrect is the first impression. An occasion for hilarious laughter in fact. These places are filled from the large and cheerful body of the populace, and whatever their desire to be wicked, the family-parties, with the grandmothers and the children fill them with innocent merriment.

The Berliner has become his old self again. He likes to have a good time. He has given to his Grosstadt an atmosphere of joviality which is to be found nowhere else on anywhere near the same scale east of the Rhine. It is the only place where one can forget there has been war or revolution. In Berlin there is "life," and that has made of it the capital of all Central and Eastern Europe. The Rhine is the western frontier. To the east there is no definite boundary short of the Pacific Ocean, even though Moscow stands between. Austrians, Hungarians, Serbs, Italians, Bulgarians, Czechs, Swedes, Danes, Finns, even Poles, Rumanians, Russians, and Turks one meets at every turn. Hardly an Englishman or a Frenchman, and Americans only in tourist season along tourist routes.

Berlin has inherited the bright lights which used to burn in Vienna and Petrograd. The youth of all the regions beyond the Rhine, up the Baltic, and down the Danube, dreams of Berlin.

They have also made another notable turn; they have finished with *ersatz*. They had to use so many substitutes during the War and afterwards, they cannot bear them any more. They are now leading in the "*kultur* of the real thing."

Take coffee. I shall never forget the first time I ever asked for coffee in Germany, a few days after the Armistice, on a bleak November morning at one of the northern ports. The waiter brought, very correctly, an ignoble black mess and some saccharine. He looked at me scornfully when I asked for milk. Most Germans drank this *ersatz* for years; the result is, there is not a bad cup of coffee to be had in Germany to-day. Fresh coffee and fresh cream has become a sort of rite.

This is not a small matter either. It is indicative of the change that has come over Germany in the last few years, and has given it leadership east of the Rhine.

One has the impression now, in every corner of Germany, that it is admiring its own success in re-establishing its old *ordnung*—its orderly existence. It has got back the covering of fat on its nerves. For years after the War most Germans went around in a despondent or in an ugly humour. Only a few years ago I heard a member of the Reichstag, in a state of nerves, threaten to throw an inoffensive stranger through the window of an express train, and oblige the station-master of Hanover to change the guard because he interfered. Such an occurrence in Germany to-day would be "unheard of"—to use the German expression.

They know what they are doing—the Germans—they have succeeded in making their country more agreeable to live in for others as well as for themselves—than it ever was before.

FROM FAR AND NEAR

M. Tardieu and His Cabinet: Britain at Nassau. A Miami Explosion: A Maharaja in Rome: The Funeral of an ex-Shah

HOW LONG WILL THEY LAST? After the failure of the Government of M. Chautemps in twenty-four hours M. Tardieu has been summoned to take up his previous position as Prime Minister. It is on the cards that this Cabinet, seen above on the steps of the Élysée (M. Briand is on M. Tardieu's left hand) may be almost as short-lived as its predecessors. *On left*—M. Tardieu, a striking study

TRAGEDY IN HARBOUR: A mysterious explosion on the yacht of Mr. Frank Goodyear in dock at Miami, Florida. One man was killed and three were injured by the explosion, which, it is believed, was caused by oil furnace trouble

ARISTOCRACY ABROAD: Lady Diana Duff-Cooper, Lady Carlisle, the Hon. Margaret Ruthven, Lady Cranbourne, and Mr. Alfred Duff-Cooper, off Nassau, Bermuda, where they are fishing

Eva Barrett, Rome

PRINCE AND AMBASSADOR: The Maharaja Manikia Sir Bikram Kishore Dev Varma Bahadur of Tripura, who is touring Europe, accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Owen C. Pulley, appointed as escort on behalf of the British Government called, when in Rome, on the British Ambassador, Sir Ronald Graham, who is filling the post held for many years by Sir Rennel Rodd. Sir Ronald returned the call and was received in the charming gardens of the Hôtel Russie, where the potentate is staying. The latter meeting of East and West is seen above

THE PASSING OF A ONE-TIME SHAH OF PERSIA: Two moments during the funeral in Paris of Ahmed Mivza Khan, the deposed Shah of Persia. The ceremony drew large crowds to the Mosque, Paris, where the Islamic rites were celebrated. By a coincidence, the funeral fell on the day of the Mudian festival, Aid Srir

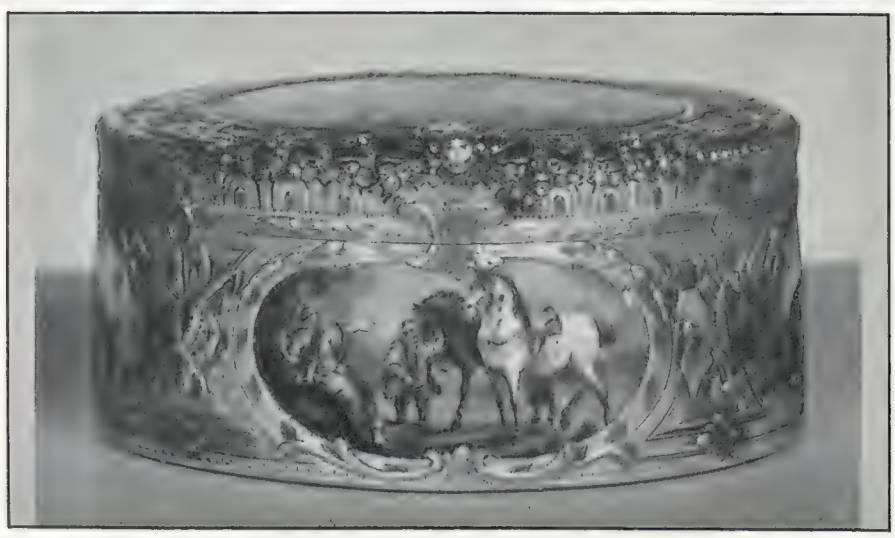
ART NEWS OF THE WEEK . . .

A Holbein Discovered: Celebrities in Wood: The Exploding Snuff-box: The Russian Ballet Exhibition

THE G.O.M. OF GERMANY: A powerful new bust of President von Hindenburg which approximates to the rugged grandeur of the original, by Herr Karl Trumpf. On right—THE G.O.M. OF SOCIALISM: A caricaturing portrait bust of G.B.S. by "Betterway," Vienna, which has in it much of the character of the "Shavian Shakespeare"

OBSCURING A HOLBEIN: A portrait painted over the Holbein seen on the right—of the same subject as the Holbein

HOLBEIN AT HIS BEST: Sir William Betts, eldest son of the Physician-in-Ordinary to King Henry VIII. This portrait has been discovered, after X-ray treatment underneath, a portrait of the same subject—the work of an unknown hand—seen inset above on left



THE SNUFF-BOX THAT EXPLODED: The Wallace Collection took the other day a leaf out of one of the many books that compose the Edgar Wallace collection by exploding of its own nature owing to the expansion of the enamels. Above are three caricature busts in wood by Betterway, Vienna, that have proved very popular. From left to right—Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner

"LA SULTANE BLEUE": One of the designs lent by Mr. James de Rothschild to the Exhibition of Russian Ballet Designs opened by Mlle Karsavina at the Claridge Gallery. Many of the exhibits are the work of Leon Bakst. Among those who are lending their treasures are Sir Philip Sassoon, Lady Juliet Duff, and the Hon Mrs. Evan Morgan

A FACET OF THE OLD LIFE OF THE ARAB: Behind the Arab farmer of the fertile valleys is the old desert life with its nomadic atmosphere of camp and camel. An armed party is seen above enjoying an alfresco meal

The Palestine Conflict.

The War of Rights Described

by Dr. EMIL LUDWIG : PART II.

(*conclusion*)

The mistakes of the Zionists are not to be denied, though they are, perhaps, to be excused. If they have paid too little attention to the Arabs in the last decade, the omission is comprehensible in view of the difficulties they faced in a new country and an unaccustomed climate, and of the fact that nearly all of them had to study their common tongue, Hebrew, and consequently to postpone the learning of Arabic. The second mistake—that of making too much noise—arose from the necessity of awakening through propaganda the interest of the world, without whose contributions they would have failed. Certainly the outrages were connected with their too noisy successes, for it was three days after the Zionists made their compact with the American Jews in Zurich last August that the first disturbances in Jerusalem occurred. It was likewise a mistake to carry the events at the Wailing Wall from the sphere of religion over into that of nationalism; that is, for the Zionists to take upon themselves a problem that did not directly concern them. For the Zionists as such are not religious, and their movement leads away from Bible and customs rather than towards them. Finally, the term "Jewish state," coined by Herzl when his idealism was in full swing, handicapped the project at the beginning of its realization, and it will not thrive in peace until that term disappears.

But do not the mistakes of the Arabs weigh more heavily in the balance? Why was it that the world was so aroused when in those August days 130 Jews were slain? Had not thousands been equally innocent victims of Russian pogroms? The special impression made by this latest outrage is the best proof of the Jews' moral right to Palestine. For it was not because a small community, under the protection of the League of Nations, had been set upon that the world was stirred; but rather because this people, having fled from the dangers of persecution and attack, having gone back after a millennial dispersion to the land of its origin, and looking forward at last to a tranquil existence, was suddenly assailed even here on this poor stretch of land where it had sought peace.

It was no ordinary political murder, for the leaders were spared. It was a senseless inciting of a race against its brothers, and it was directed against Jews who, as in Safet, had lived so peaceably with the Arabs for thirty years that even after the first disturbances they refused to leave because they still had complete confidence in this old friendship. In Hebron where, among others, eight American students were killed, I saw what was left of the house of the most popular citizen. It has been closed and left untouched since that day; it was hacked and smashed and blood-stained—the details need not be recounted. Here, where the frightened victims had gathered because this man, as benefactor of the town, was regarded as safe from attack, twenty-six persons varying in age from two to sixty years were slain within forty-five minutes. Amid the wrecked furnishings only the portrait of Theodor Herzl remained untouched. Close by were the ruins of the clinic of a Jewish physician who had practised there for years and had treated hundreds of poor Arabs. Yet the political leader of the Arabs, the Mufti, has never publicly expressed abhorrence of these acts.

I visited him in his dark, solemn-looking, high-towered medieval palace above the Omar Mosque, after passing through streets so narrow that only a skilled chauffeur could make his way. Upon entering, I thought I was face to face with three Jews, so close the resemblance often is between the Jews and the Arabs. But the three men before me were the Mufti himself, a young man of the blonde, sensuous type, wearing a short reddish beard, reserved and reflective; next to him a prepossessing patriarch with a white beard and an aristocratic nose, who reminded me of the old man of the Ghetto whom Rembrant once etched; and, in a corner, an Arab of the swarthy type. All were enveloped in long, black robes, and only by the turban were they distinguishable from Jewish scribes.

For two hours I sought in vain to obtain from the Mufti an unequivocal explanation of the recent violence. "We received three promises from the English," he said, "but the strongest proof of our right is that we are here." He has done nothing to put a stop to the provocations of his Press, which still continue, and he recently declined to take part in a preliminary discussion with the Zionists under the chairmanship of the British Governor. To-day, as seven years ago—when they rejected the English proposal, then being prepared, for a national assembly—the Arabs demand for themselves the entire right to the country. Still the Mufti declared:

"We have nothing against the Jews. We have no desire to drive them away, and we are willing to give guarantees to permit further Jewish immigration to a certain extent. What we need is a parliament in which we have the majority."

When I conveyed this reasonable-sounding observation to the other parties I was told that the report which the investigating committee would make must be awaited.

This committee, meeting with pleasing unceremoniousness in a small, dark room, exhibits a racial composite suggestive of those conjured up by accounts of the time of the Crusades, although no colourful costumes are to be seen and the British chairman, a judge, does not even wear his wig, which would have impressed the Orientals particularly. Since he cannot sit in the middle, the committee being composed of four men, the chairman has upon his right the "Government"—that is the Labour representative—and on his left the combined opposition. As is usually the case, the Labour leader looks very Conservative, and the most active of the four is the Liberal, who is a Welshman. Between the Arabs, and in striking contrast to them, sit their two English attorneys, who remind one of typical English clergymen. One looks a bit like Hoover, the other rather like Wilson. All four lawyers seem driven to despair by the passive resistance of the Arabs under cross-examination.

When this committee brings in its report, which probably will be neither white nor black but of a neutral hue, the two parties will be brought together round a table. The outrages have at least brought about the present review of the whole problem, which may contribute to its solution. In any case the attitude of the English will be clarified. What is their attitude to-day?

As I went through Nazareth one morning, at a turning of the road I suddenly came upon a troop of British soldiers who stood beside their horses ready to mount. They were young, mostly handsome, blonde, well-equipped, busy with saddles, boots, and arms, obviously indifferent to the place in which they were stationed for daily duty. As they stood there a few steps from the so-called Marie's Well, between busily passing Jews and a worthy sheikh, behind whose donkey the heavily laden wife struggled along afoot, they were just like the Romans who had stood on the same spot and watched the same passing figures 2,000 years before ostensibly to maintain order. There was no Suez Canal then, but there was an Empire to protect. M. Briand was right when he said lately to one of the Zionist leaders, "Though everything seems confused in Palestine, one thing is certain, that the British have no intention of leaving it."

Leaving aside the question of their general policy, the fact remains that not only the Jews and the Arabs, but also the British have made mistakes. The greatest was that, according to the unanimous judgment of neutral observers, nearly all the officials, with the exception of the half-dozen highest, have constantly found themselves in more or less silent opposition to the Jews. The reason for this attitude, of which many examples are related, is to be found in the natural habit of colonial officials to deal more perfunctorily with so-called natives than with these very independent Jewish immigrants who have minds of their own. Even with 12,000 soldiers on hand the Arabian disturbances of 1921 were not checked at their inception, because the execution of many orders was

(*Continued on p. 410*)

THE NEW LIFE OF THE JEW IN PALESTINE: The telephone wires, electrically lit streets, modern houses, and the rising generation in knickerbockers, are all seen in this view of Tel-Aviv

BOUND FOR THE TEMPLE FESTIVAL: Japanese women make their way to the temple

A Strange February Festival in JAPAN

The Bean-throwing Festival Described

It was a bitterly cold February day, and even the pretty plum blossoms shivered when I set out with a Japanese friend to witness the ancient Ceremony of the Beans. Honest winter one can welcome cordially. But the chill discomfort induced by the utter lack of any heating arrangements in the village inns, and the oozy, slimy, arctic mud, in addition to the extreme humidity that is such a feature of the Japanese climate made one long for the hot days of August that we had cursed only a brief half-year ago.

On one side of the temple grounds was the inn to which we had sent word that we were coming. My friend had evidently represented the stranger to be some powerful writer and author with that grotesque exaggeration that passes off for politeness, for we were received at the *genkan* (entrance) by mine host himself, who was in his Sunday best, his worthy partner in life, two smiling young ladies (his daughters we later discovered), and a bevy of bowing, calcimined waitresses.

Two waitresses unlaced and removed our boots (it was quite a job for them handling these foreign contraptions), and down we were on the *tatami* (mats), bowing in profound kowtow, Japanese fashion, to mine host and his entourage.

Weak green tea was served. Then dinner was served. *Sashimi* (raw fish) was the *pièce de résistance*, while *daikon* (pickled radish) came a close second in the estimation of most present.

The hot saké was, for us at any rate, the most cheering part of the delicacies that the good people of the village set before us. For one thing it was cold after the trudge in the frozen mud, while the constant opening and closing of the *shoji* (sliding paper doors) emptied the room of the pitifully litle heat given out by a big porcelain *hibachi* (stove).

The cramped position in which we were forced to sit and the cold was all but making one rebellious when the *kyuji* (head male servant) brought the welcome news that the devil-exorcising ceremony in the temple was about to begin. We put on our boots, wrapped ourselves in overcoat and muffler, and were escorted to the village temple by a side door, the entire company following us.

Within the temple we were honourably admitted into the goodly and illustrious company of *Toshi Otoko* (honourable New Year men). In other words, we were elevated to the dignity of official bean pelters, and with about a dozen others took our stand on a small raised daïs flanking the altar, before which priests clad in saffron-hued robes—some of which were edged with purple brocade—were moving and bowing in some mysterious rite.

Conches then blew a startling blast. The casting out of devils had definitely entered its first stage. The temple hall was crowded to suffocation, the air became heavy with the odour of burning wax-candles, of incandescent lights, and of the wet clothing of the multitude within. Suddenly there came a rolling, a throbbing, as if some gigantic heart were pounding within a great shell. Louder and louder the unseen, pulsating sound welled, until the very atmosphere seemed to vibrate with a strange tenseness; then the notes died off into a faint pianissimo, and before one was aware of the silence the boom reverberated again with lusty tempo and in louder strain.

"The drums of Nichiren," my Japanese friend whispered to me.

Into the blazing circle of lights before the altar came the drummers, steadily tom-tomming, while at intervals conchies shrieked. The persistent drumming and thrumming, a rite ordained after a study into the reaction of the human emotions to a certain type of sound, seemed to have a strange effect on the nerves of those present. Some, and these were chiefly women, broke into muttered audible snatches of prayer. Others, and these were chiefly young men from near-by cities, gloriously "sakéfied" and out for a picnic rather than to attend a religious ceremony, actually broke into snatches of song, my friend included.

A silver-throated gong sounded — once, twice, thrice. There was a sudden stilled silence, broken only by the heavy breathing of the multitude, the low chanting of the priests before the altar, and the swish that accompanied the swinging of censers and of the priests' silken robes as they moved, now to the right, now to the left, in the course of their sacred duties.

Now the priests ceased chanting and lined up on either side of the altar. A small door leading to what would be the vestry opened, and an aged man, his lineaments marked with the lines of asceticism, entered. It was the High Priest.

Bowing humbly before the Golden Buddha with unseeing eyes enthroned above the altar, he drew a scroll from his bosom and read it aloud in sing-song tones. Then he turned to the multitude, bowed to them, and proceeded to a little table on which was a miniature *hibachi* of burnished bronze. Into this he put three pinches of incense and a generous supply of vegetable oil. Junior priests passed little wooden tablets through the leaping flames and thick curls of fragrant smoke. The tablets were thus symbolically cleansed of all dross. On them were inscribed *sutras* (brief verses) from the Buddhist scriptures. We afterwards learned that several of those present had paid high prices in advance for these sanctified slabs of wood.

The sanctification of these slabs of wood signified the beginning of the end of the ceremony—the casting out of devils which we had come so far to see. The *Toshi Otoko* — the official bean pelters — were summoned, each by name, to mount a wooden platform beside the altar.

The chief priest, after a few moments of silent prayer, raised one of the boxes and in a stentorian voice that went ill with his gentle lineaments tossed a few beans on the altar, shouting "Fuku wa uchi" (Good fortune be our portion). Then turning to the crowd, and his face taking on a look of stern determination, he threw a handful of lentils toward the door shouting: "Oni wa sotto!" (Begone, ye spawn of Satan!) Next came the turn of the honourable bean throwers. We all scattered beans toward the altar and afterwards toward the door, repeating the formula of the chief priest.

Then pandemonium broke loose.

The patient crowd became a mob. The congregation, if one might so call those present, surged forward in a huge tidal wave of humanity toward the bean tossers, shouting, pushing, scrambling for the sacred vegetable. Some stretched out their hands, others held out their hats, folds of the kimono and *furoshikis* (large silk handkerchiefs generally used for wrapping purposes), to catch as many of the beans as possible. Disorder raged till the supply of beans was exhausted. Those who picked up enough to tally with their age were the happiest. All the gods and goddesses of good fortune are bound to smile on them, and none of those perverse imps that spoil one's happiness would dare visit their domicile for one year.

The official bean throwers were then the guests of the chief priest, and as we turned to go we observed the priests sweeping together piles of coins of various small denominations that had been thrown into the altar enclosure by the worshippers. The priests were lucky, and no doubt happy.

The chief priest's treat to the honourable bean throwers was like the banquet we participated of earlier at the inn-keeper's. Of saké there was plenty—first a cup of cold ceremonial brew, then lots of the usual piping hot wine. One thing that struck me was that flesh was served, something that is not in strict conformance with the Buddhist doctrine, which abhors the eating of flesh, since this involves the taking of life, which none but the Creator can give.

RELIGION IN JAPAN: An Imperial representative, passing a tori, en route for a ceremony

PARTHENON Restoration nearly COMPLETE.

The Whole of the North Wall Columns Replaced by M. Balanos

THE NORTH WALL: *All the seventeen pillars are now in their old positions. The cornice has also been restored. Great care has been taken to use material which will harmonise with the marble of the original*

THE RESTORER: *M. Balanos*

THE NORTH SIDE AND THE WEST END OF THE PARTHENON: *This picture shows the present aspect of the great reconstruction, with the scaffolding along the north side*

THE ACROPOLIS FROM THE AIR: *An overhead view showing the Parthenon; the shadow of the north wall with its scaffolding and the break in the south wall are clearly visible*

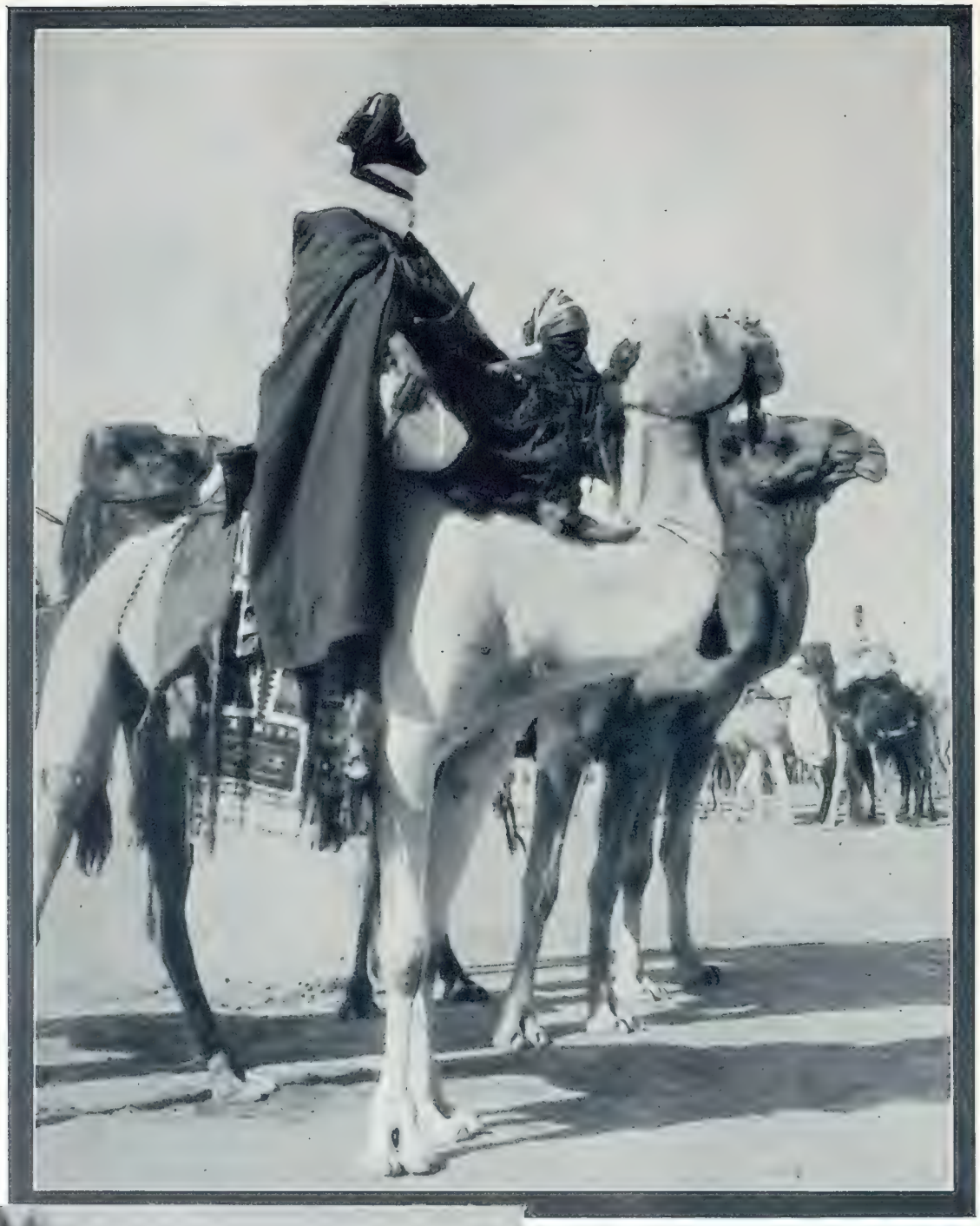
AS IT WILL BE AND AS IT USED TO BE: *Two views of the Parthenon, the upper showing it before the earthquake and the lower after the earthquake but before reconstruction work had begun*

A century ago, just after the independence of Greece, the Greek Government entrusted the restoration of the Parthenon, the Erichtheion, the temple of Nike and the Propylæa, to the Bavarian architects Rossand and Schaubert and the Greek archæologist Kyr-Pittakis, who did their best according to the means they had at their disposal. Since 1912 the distinguished Greek architect, M. Nic Balanos, has published studies about the restoration of the great monuments of the Acropolis, and was only after ten years that he was entrusted to put it into practice. He has worked until now, and on March 25, when the celebration of the first centenary of the Greek Independence begins, the north side of the Parthenon will be completed. M. Balanos used as a nucleus of missing pillars pieces of hard stone from Piræus covered by a compound of concrete, the colour of which is more adaptable than the new marble to the surrounding ancient marbles; but generally speaking he put only the existing drums, capitals, and architraves in their ancient places. He replaced by marble from Pentelicon only one capital, which is now in the British Museum, and two architraves.

The VEILED

Specially pictured for "The Sphere"

Appear at th
of the Rose and
in th



Tuareg chiefs, veiled in glimmering blue-black, and mounted on towering Mehari camels, await the appearance of the Governor-General from the Congress of the Rose and Orange

Notables ride in from far
of the Governor-General of
fort of Kasr of El Golèa,

Arab waifs of the desert greeted the Governor outsiae the Congress pavilion. They are brought up by the White Fathers

The Vieux Kasr, a towering pile of half ancient fortress and half prehistoric village, dominated the scene of the Congress

A merry fantasia of old muzzle-loaders, at El Golèa, greeted

The first of the Algerian Centenary Celebrations took place a short time ago at El Golèa, a fertile oasis in the Saharan desert, about 950 kilometres in an almost due south line from Algiers. The occasion was known as the Congress of the Rose and the Orange, and served to demonstrate the good work France is doing in developing the oases of the huge territory over which she now has control. The route to the Congress was by way of Laghouat and Ghardaia, over the splendid highway system of the French, and so on to El Golèa, a spot which has its place in the fighting annals of this northern area of the great Sahara desert, but which is now eminently peaceful under the French regime. The Governor-General of Algeria joined the Congress at El Golèa, and inspected the wonderful experimental gardens where all kinds of oranges, dates, apricots, strawberries, and other fruits, vegetables, and flowers are being tested for their suitability for this desert climate. The occasion was of exceptional interest owing to the gathering of desert chieftains who assembled at the oasis to welcome the Governor. These chieftains included representatives of the famous war-like Tuaregs, whose fame used to be a sinister one with the caravans

TUAREG

lgerian Centenary Congress
range at El Golea, an oasis
rench Sahara

istant spots to take part in the welcome
lgeria. Behind them rises the ancient
hich has a dim romantic history

The entourage of the Tuareg and desert chiefs were alike picturesque and all were mounted on great statuesque beasts, ready for the bronze of a sculptor. On right below is Commandant de La Fargue, who addressed the Congress, talking to the Tuareg visitors

fired into the sand and dust of the highway the Governor-General

The military officers were looking spick and span as they awaited the official party outside the Experimental Gardens

A welcome present for the Tuareg chieftain was the inscribed rifle, which is here seen being carried by his companion, also veiled in the gleaming blue-black ceremonial silk

traversing the Sahara in the old days. These Tuareg chiefs presented an astonishing appearance. Their faces and shoulders were covered with the famous lithan, or veil, which has made them famous. The wandering Tuareg in the desert will be found to be dressed completely in sombre black, revealing no part of the face, but on this occasion the chiefs were veiled in a gleaming blue-black material; a white scarf, or amanal, in one case enveloped the chin and shoulders. There were touches of colour and gold from the medals and ornaments worn by the chief and his attendants. Occasionally a pair of gleaming eyes could be seen glinting out at the Governor's party; usually the Tuareg remains completely veiled. The chiefs and their entourage had journeyed from In-Saleh; They had never before come in peace to El Golèa. The ceremony over, these representatives of one of the strangest peoples of the world passed out again to their desert haunts.

Lady DRUMMOND-HAY discusses

THE STRONG MAN OF AUSTRIA: Dr. Schober, whose activities may result in a renewal of the Triple Alliance

World AFFAIRS

An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Interest

FREEDOM OF THE AIR.—France is reaching out. With imagination, vision, and foresight, the French are looking to the future in a manner that challenges admiration even though we cannot approve all their ambitions and must oppose some of their aims.

To the first-class army, France desires to add a first-class navy. To the largest military air force in the world, she insists on adding the largest submarine fleet. That much the Naval Conference has developed. Now she is reaching into the blue ether to control the trans-ocean air lanes over the Atlantic, between Europe, and South and North America. At the same time she is preparing a gigantic project for the building of a trans-Sahara railway from the Mediterranean through the great desert to the very heart of Africa.

Napoleon's dream of an African empire has come true, though it is not quite there where he himself had planned it.

With the freedom of the sea still a very knotty unsolved problem, France is in effect provoking the question of the freedom of the air.

According to advices from Lisbon and Madrid, the Government of Portugal has granted a Portuguese company a monopoly concession of civil aviation on Portuguese territory. The monopoly is said to include the exclusive rights to fly over, start from, or land on territory belonging to Portugal. It especially precises the Azores and Cape Verde Islands, the "air keys" to trans-ocean flights to South and North America in the present development of heavier-than-air craft.

The company, according to my information, is largely owned—and therefore controlled—by the French. The concession is for thirty years. And what are not the possibilities of development in aircraft and air travel within the next thirty years?

Practically considered, this will give the French the "keys" to the transatlantic air gateway to, and from Western Europe. The significance of this for the future may be gathered from the stir that the concession has made in aircraft circles in Italy, Germany, Spain, and America. Not even the giant German twelve-engined Dornier *Do.X* can span the Atlantic from Spain to Brazil or to New York without landing and refuelling at the Azores or the Cape Verdes. It does not, however, affect the British airship *R 100*, or the German *Graf Zeppelin*, which need no intermediate landing-place.

The freedom of the air in time of peace for the aircraft of all nations, especially the air lanes over seas and oceans, will call for international consideration in the near future. If there are going to be "Gibraltars," "Suezes," and "Panamas" in the air, then all nations should have the right to use them on equal terms. Persia for a considerable time interrupted the Bagdad to Karachi stretch of the London to India air-route. The British Government prevented the German *Graf Zeppelin* from flying to Cairo last year. The Dutch claim that they have been compelled to suspend their Holland to the East Indies air-mail and passenger lines because they are no longer permitted to land in India.

POLAND'S PORT.—Ten years ago Poland was picturesquely "wedded" to the sea. The child of the union is Gdynia, fast-growing seaport on the Baltic, witness to anniversary celebrations a short while ago. The golden wedding-ring cast into the grey northern waters by General Haller of the Polish Army in February 1920 in dramatic symbol is magically beginning to gild the former desolate coast with the glamour of prosperity.

The Treaty of Versailles accorded the inland State of Poland some forty-eight miles of coast without a port north of Danzig, as well as certain rights in the port of Danzig without territory. Ten years have seen an almost incredible transformation in the previously neglected strand. To-day Gdynia is one of the most modern ports on the Baltic. When completed, the port is expected to be able to handle 15,000,000 tons of goods a year. The city is being prepared for an eventual population of 100,000. On the second stretch of the round-the-world flight in the *Graf Zeppelin* last summer we flew over Gdynia, sweeping low across the Free City of Danzig, following a fleeting view of Zoppot, the "Monte Carlo of the North," rendezvous of Scandinavians, pleasure seekers, and gamblers from the icelands.

It is possible—probable—that the increasing importance and prosperity of Gdynia will in time prejudice the ancient port of Danzig, Free City under the protection of the League of Nations since November, 1920. Gdynia harbour is deeper than that of Danzig, and does not freeze so readily in winter. The newest and most modern port equipment, plus increasingly efficient communication inland is an added inducement for shipping to turn in at the Polish port.

Gdynia yearly attracts increasing numbers of summer visitors who come from Poland in their tens of thousands to enjoy the national seaside, and are gradually "colonizing" the Polish coast with pleasure parties, at which Zoppot, "Queen of the Baltic," is said to be evincing no little misgiving. The Polish Government are going to no small expense in connection with the preservation of the seashore, erection of sea-walls, planting of trees and bushes, and encouragement of private enterprise.

FRANK CRITICISM.—The way of dramatic critics is hard, but they bring it on themselves after all. Hannen Swaffer is a brave man, but Yado Kari in Japan is braver. Reviewing Japan's two leading actresses in the *Japan Times* early this year, Mr. Kari writes of Yaeko Mizutani, "her attitude makes one think of the Japanese proverb 'we don't reject anyone who comes; nor do we pursue anyone who goes away.'" He gives her age, adding, "and yet she looks as innocent as sweet sixteen." Praising her real charm, he qualifies it by about a hundred and fifty words on what he alleges to be a "handicap" or "double teeth which behave rather naughtily, some of her teeth look this way and the others that way." To quote Mr. Kari, "When she went to America some years ago I thought she was going to fix her teeth, but she came back with the same old chocolate grinders." But he finds that they are a "necessary part of herself . . . making her intolerably delicious."

Miss Yamamoto of the Tsukiji Little Theatre is "much less charming, much less pretty (in fact she is not beautiful), much less sweet (in fact she is not sweet), and much less delicious (in fact she is undelicious) . . . is rather (if not decidedly) homely. Her voice is not melodious, has no personal charm. . . . One critic said that he thought she was a woman reared in an orphanage . . . such is the impression he gets from her personal appearance." But here Mr. Kari's own art reveals itself. With a few sweeps of the brush—for do not Japanese write with a brush—he depicts her as "a priestess unfolding the fate of a world. Towering majestically above all others she puts her whole life into her acting, and the audience becomes drunk—spiritually." The Tsukiji Little Theatre is part of the Japanese proletarian movement: the impassioned acting of Miss Yamamoto, according to Yado Kari, is one of the chief inspirations of the movement.

TRIPLE ALLIANCE.—On the history loom of Central Europe there has begun these days the delicate, and all but invisible, weaving of a new three-cornered international diplomatic fabric, the underlying significance of which seems to be escaping attention.

The shuttle on this loom is Dr. Schober, former President of Police in Vienna, now Federal Chancellor of little Austria. The threads which he picked up first at the Hague spun between Vienna and Rome to Berlin, then back to the Austrian capital, are so thin, so sheer, so delicate, that scarcely can they be seen as yet. The design of the pattern, however, is discernible. All the more so since it was drawn before, and needed but to be taken out of the archives, given a new colour, modified and changed to meet present-day conditions.

Vienna, Rome, Berlin. Austria, Italy, Germany! Shadow of the Triple Alliance.

The weaver this time was not a Bismarck or Caprivi, but a Mussolini. Only commercial treaties, economic agreements for mutual benefits, friendlier relations of course. Besides, this is the age of the League of Nations, Kellogg Pact, naval disarmament. Ball Haus Platz, the Downing Street of Vienna, has a tradition for diplomacy extending back to the days of Maria Theresa, a tradition and an art that the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin cannot rival.

This heritage appears to have come down to the refined, quiet-mannered, but very genuine Germanic Dr. Schober, who impressed me unusually forcibly the first time I met him in Vienna some years ago. What the Monk-Prelate Chancellor Monseigneur Seipel, with all the influence of the Vatican behind him seemed unable to achieve, the former chief of police has accomplished—with the encouragement of the Duce, retying the broken threads between Vienna, Rome, and Berlin.

The cry of the oppressed Austrians in the now Italian Tyrol is silenced. From the Austrian Tyrol, instead of songs of hate and clenched fists shaken towards the Brenner Pass, now come voices sounding like benedictions of Schober's work. Sensible, practical statesmanship. A friendly Italy will treat the Germanic elements better than a hostile one. It need not surprise if Germany is as sensible as Austria now is. That at no far-distant date Italy will waive objections to the "Anschluss" (union) of Austria to Germany, possibly even support it. Germany has no army, neither has Austria, but the time might come when Italy would need food, coal, especially industrial products, far worse than an army.

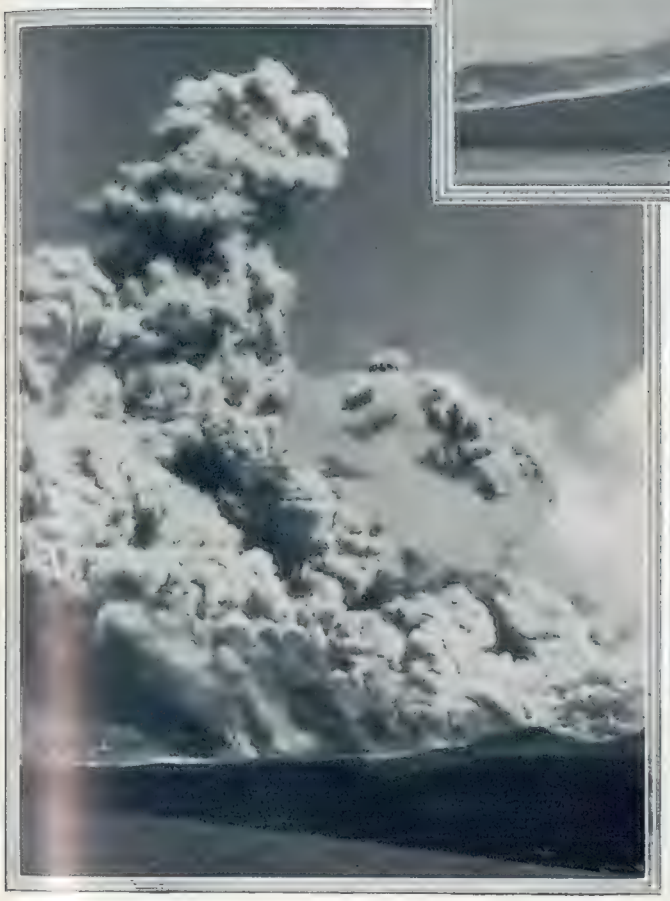
A CORRECTION.—Ja'far Pasha, Iraq Minister to London, writes asking me to print his correction of the conversation with me, reported in THE SPHERE of February 15, giving his views of desirable relationship between Iraq and Britain. I gladly quote the Minister's correction of the paragraph: "We realise that the tutelage of Britain is the best preparation for independence, and that Britain's friendship will be the most constructive prop for a future free and experimenting Iraq."

Ja'far Pasha wishes to point out that he did not use the word "tutelage" but "friendship"; that "tutelage" gives "an entirely false impression of his own opinion and the opinion which he is here for the purpose of expressing on behalf of his countrymen"; that what he said was "friendship with Great Britain is an important aspect of Iraq independence."

THE CHILD OF POLAND AND THE SEA: The Port of Gdynia, which bids fair to eclipse the Free City of Danzig

THE SPHERE surveys the WORLD

The Eruption of Mount Pelée: The Suez Memorial: A River Engulfed



MONT PELÉE'S LATEST ERUPTION: Martinique's main volcano, named from the Hawaiian fire goddess, caught by the camera from St. Pierre. The fatal peak erupted a short time ago with great violence

FIVE HUNDRED FEET FROM THE CRATER: A vivid impression of the great clouds of smoke hovering above Mont Pelée

BURYING A RIVER: A gigantic and a unique engineering feat has just been accomplished in St. Louis, Missouri. An entire stream has been enclosed in the world's largest sewer, now nearly completed. Above are seen the construction methods whereby the River Des Peres has been engulfed

THE WAR MEMORIAL AT ISMAILIA: The Suez Canal Company has erected a memorial at Ismailia to the fallen soldiers who protected the canal during the Great War. Representatives of the British, French, and Italian Governments were invited to assist at the inaugural ceremony, and warships were despatched to Ismailia for the unveiling. The impressive memorial, with its contrast of Modernistic sheerness of straight line and its ancient couchant sphinxes, is seen above

The Vagabond Life

An armful of current novels described

by

JAMES LAVER

THE AUTHOR OF A SUCCESSFUL SEQUEL: Miss Storm Jameson, whose latest novel, "The Voyage Home," is reviewed below

THE AUTHOR OF A PERIPATETIC NOVEL: Mr. Adrian Alington, who has written a notable novel set in the Balkans

The novel is a wonderful invention. It is like one of those patent expanding trunks—so small when the young lady in the advertisement takes it away for the week-end; so large when she brings it back. It will hold anything and everything without so much as straining its covers, and sometimes it holds nothing at all without any diminution in its apparent bulk.

The period covered by the action seems to bear no relation to the size of the book. *Ulysses*, if I remember rightly (I am certainly not going to read it all again to find out) occupies no more than a day and a night to enact, although it needs a leisurely month to read. Some novels (of recent years the fashion is returning) trace the origin of the hero's virtues and the villain's sins back unto the third and fourth generation. Such a feat requires a considerable knowledge of social history, and a nose for the flavour of an epoch. If well done the book becomes a kind of historical document like *The Forsyte Saga*.

Miss Storm Jameson has not Galsworthy's meticulous patience. Her canvas is more summary, but her world is vividly seen and well described with an eye for the changing background of her characters. *The Voyage Home* (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net) is a continuation of the story of Mary Hervey (born Hansyke) "first made plain in *The Lovely Ship*." All sequels have to suffer the unfair competition of their predecessors, and this is no exception. But it comes out of its trial creditably enough, and Miss Jameson knows how to take advantage of the one benefit of writing a sequel—the power to use characters already well known to the reader, and so to avoid a great many laborious preliminaries.

With *Insecurity*, by Monica Ewer (Gollancz. 7s. 6d. net) we are plunged into the middle of modernity. The woman journalist is well known to this age, but (in spite of stalwarts like Aphra Behn) not very common in any other. *Insecurity* has wit as well as kindliness, and Mrs. Ewer knows her strange own world of press-men, publicity agents, film magnates, actresses, and the rest. Journalism indeed is in her blood, for her grandfather was proprietor of *The Cork Examiner*, her father editor of *Reynolds's Newspaper*, and she herself is on the staff of *The Daily Herald*. She has few illusions but no bitterness. An attractive picture of a desperate but absorbing profession.

Lady Eleanor Smith might presumably have made a good book out of either her journalistic or her social experiences. She has chosen instead a more deliberate approach, and is to be congratulated on having kept autobiography out of her first novel—a difficult feat, as any novelist will agree. *Red Wagon* (Gollancz. 7s. 6d. net) is a realistic story of a circus child who ultimately becomes a circus proprietor. The book (not counting the prologue) starts when the hero is touring the wilder States of America with his parents, performers both in "Cowboy Charlie's Magnificent Spectacular Circus and Wild West." The savage crudity of wandering life in the early 'sixties is very well drawn. The "boys" wear their guns and need them. Joe Prince, the hero of the book, is very soon left an orphan. He is adopted by a clown, and comes to England with him to begin a long career of "tenting" through the English and Irish countryside. The authoress has resisted the temptation to sentimentalise her hero, and keeps to realism even when he marries a gipsy. He dies in the end and an epoch dies with him. Have we not the cinema?

Slowbags and Arethusa, by Adrian Alington (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net) is also about travelling entertainers, for Arethusa is a dancer who wanders all over Europe, even to the unsavoury Balkans, where "artists" are not always distinguished from their frailer sisters. The book is curiously constructed, the first part dealing entirely with a shy, likeable schoolmaster, the second with the dancer, Arethusa, and the third with their fortuitous coming together and inevitable marriage. The War plays a part in the fortunes of both hero and heroine, but only incidentally, although it robs the girl of her (unofficial) husband. The author seems to know his Eastern States.

A similar knowledge of Europe, or at least of such representative types as congregate at Geneva, is shown in *Dawn on Mont Blanc*, by Wilfred Benson (The Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d. net). The intention of the book is partly satirical and the humours of the "International Institute of Racial Peace" are happily hit off. The hero is (by the author's own admission) a little tiresome. He pushes quixotry to the point of rank foolishness, but in the end he makes the sensible choice. Madame Schloop just escapes being the conventional comic landlady, but she does escape, and that is all that matters.

Yet another novel, the scene of which is laid all over Europe, is *Life at a Venture*, by E. V. de Fontwell (Eric Partridge. 7s. 6d. net.). It is a semi-autobiographical work, and has the inevitable defect of introducing characters interesting to the author but of no purpose in the story. Fr. Rolfe, for instance, or Baron Corvo, as he is usually called, is given his own name, and the reader gets a fascinating sidelight on one of the oddest characters that has ever lived. But the hero justs meets him, and does not like him very much. Nothing happens to justify his inclusion into the tale. The hero himself has a touch of Francis Thompson, and, after some early struggles, everyone is so kind to him that he might well believe that all was for the best in the best of all Catholic worlds. The book is not a record of adventure, external or internal, for Dominic achieves his inner harmony so early that there is nothing that can happen to him. He is very nearly a saint, and the lives of saints are more convincing when they are compared to the dimensions of a penny pamphlet.

In contrast to all the books we have been considering, *Drifting Leaves*, by S. H. McGrady (Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d. net.) is a static novel. "Generation after generation of the Wilsons had lived at the Red Farm, never wealthy, but respected and paying their way." That is the opening sentence, and it sets the rhythm for the rest of the book. Margaret is the daughter of old Mr. Wilson, and she is seduced by Archie Stanton, a rakish neighbour. Having discovered his character she refuses to marry him. Her father dies, but she refuses to give up the farm. She is a woman of character strong enough to live down the tittle-tattle of the village. To the townsman it must often seem that no possible pleasures of country life are worth the appalling lack of privacy it seems to involve—an experience one encounters on an occasional visit to the country. But she refuses to be beaten, and with the help of the farm servant, Tom Oswald, whom she makes her steward, she succeeds in making the farm pay. Her child, and Stanton's, grows up in time to take his part in the War. Tom goes too, and Margaret manages the farm alone.

Meanwhile Archie Stanton has drank his patrimony and is on his way to the workhouse, when Margaret is taken with sudden pity for him and takes him into her house. Their son is dangerously wounded, but is rescued by the ever-faithful Tom, and both soldiers come home to find Stanton in possession and Margaret ready to marry him at last. However, the rake, now broken in health as well as in purse, has the decency to go and Margaret marries Tom. It is a simple, unpretentious story saved by its obvious sincerity and by the author's love of the English countryside.

AN ICONOCLAST'S MEMORIAL: Voltaire's house in Geneva preserved for the city

Time, Gentlemen, Time! by Norah Hoult (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net) is more sophisticated, although it deals with the still simpler theme of disintegration by drink. The reputation of the authoress was made by the publication of *Poor Women*, and this, her first complete novel, shows no falling off. The book might easily have become a mere prohibitionist tract, but the reader's sympathy is not entirely enlisted on behalf of the unhappy wife of the drunkard, Carmichael, the sodden husband has his point of view also, and perhaps the best part of the book is its analysis of the feelings in the taproom and when the policeman's hand closes on his arm. Those who wish for something more in their novel-reading than an hour's entertainment will find in *Time, Gentlemen, Time!* a distinction of handling which redeems and illuminates the sordidness of the theme.

briefly recommended

An International Drama, by *Henry Morgenthau.* **(Jarrolds. 18s. net.)**—The late American Ambassador at Constantinople writes a fascinating record of international finance, and reveals the inner workings of the Balkans and the League of Nations.

New Zealand Short Stories, chosen by *O. N. Gillespie.* **(Dent. 7s. 6d. net.)**—The first collection ever made of short stories by writers from New Zealand, writing of various facets of New Zealand life. Katharine Mansfield is the best known writer to English people, but many others are well worth reading.

Comrades on the Homeward Way, by *H. A. Dalias.* **(Collins. 21s. net.)**—An honorary associate of the Society for Psychical Research collects and collates examples of experiences which have proved to the satisfaction of serious students the survival of human personality after death.

From Post Boy to Air Mail, by *G. Gibbard Jackson.* **(Sampson Low 12s. 6d. net.)**—The development of the Post Office is one of the most arresting, though least spectacular, events in modern history. It is a story well worth telling, and well told.

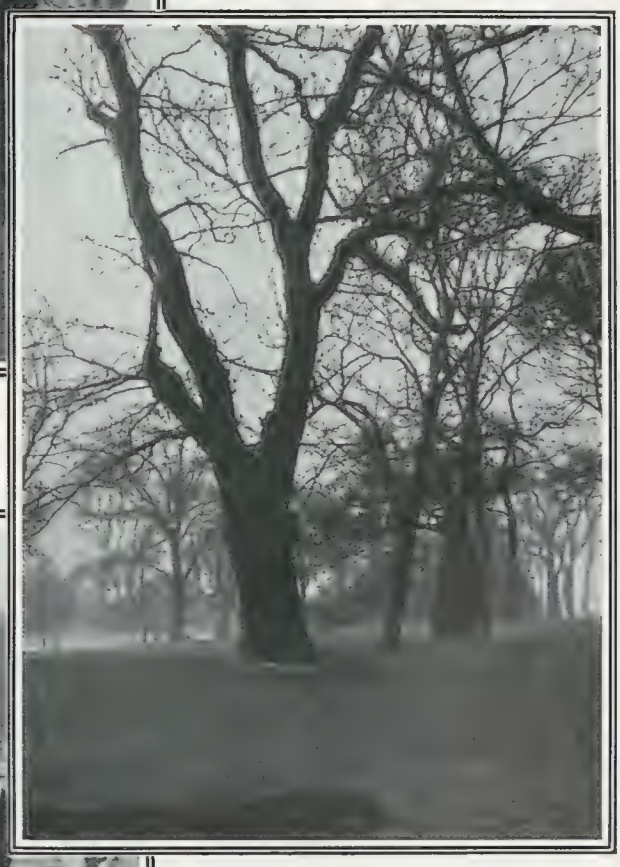
India: Peace or War? by *C. S. Ranga Iyer.* **(Harrap. 7s. 6d. net.)**—A carefully documented study of the India question-written from the point of view of those Nationalists who are working for Dominion Status within the Empire.

The Evolution of the Flying Machine, by *Harry Harper.* **(Hutchinson. 21s. net.)**—A concise, well-written, well-illustrated history of the rise of aviation from its earliest stages. The three types of aeronautics—balloons, airships, and aeroplanes—are all adequately chronicled.

A PLEA for our PARKS.

Two Aspects of the City's Green and Pleasant Places: The Embryonic Lido and the Exquisite Rusticity

THE IDEAL OF A PARK IN A CITY: A glimpse of Hyde Park where no extraneous influence disturbs the arboreal vision. It would be regrettable should Mr. Lansbury's "Lido" militate against the rusticity of the aristocratic atmosphere characteristic of Hyde Park and St. James's and the Green Parks



"RUS IN URBE": The gently-rolling ground that runs between Bayswater and Belgravia. The preservation of such amenities is vital

FOR DRAKE'S GAME: Work in progress on the bowling greens near the Albert Memorial—a painfully jarring note

THE PADDLE POOL IN REGENT'S PARK: This, now under construction, is hard by the big lake at the south-west corner near Baker Street. *Inset above*—FOR MIXED BATHING: The new work in progress by the Serpentine. Such works as these, designed for the masses, would be popular not even with them; for the upper classes (by birth or instinct) it would ruin the Parks

Special "Sphere" Pictures

A RAMBLE IN THE COUNTRY? No, just a refreshing stroll down a corner of Hyde Park. The introduction of hectic amusements would ruin this atmosphere

d

INDIA SHRIVEN

Special Pictures from Two "Sphere" Correspon
Ceremony of the Kumbh Mela *at Allahabad, w*

GANGA RUTRAS: The name given to a caste which owns the shelters where the bathers leave their clothes while bathing. The flags are a kind of trade mark, so that the ignorant villager may know where to go

THE HOLY OF HOLIES: The confluence of the Jumna and the January 29—which was not only the normal day for the duodecen prophesied in the holy books—the Shastras—*of India. The ba*

SHRIVEN OF THEIR SINS: A tiny section of the crowd bathing in the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges at Allahabad—a ceremony which is to the Hindu what confi tion are to the Catholic. Inset above on left—*TRAVELLING IN STATE: Fakirs, in some cases wealthy men, who own elephants and camels, and love pomp—despite their worldly possessions and earthly desires—return from their ablutions*

The story goes that a jar containing eternal water had come out of the sea and was found by *Rishis* (holy men) who ran with it towards the city as devils and giants were in pursuit to take the holy water from the *Rishis*. However, with much difficulty the holy men reached Nasik and stayed there for one night with the jar of eternal water, the following day they made for Prayag (now Allahabad), and stayed the second night at this place. Still being pursued they made for Hardwar, where they handed over the jar and its contents to other *Rishis*, who divided the contents of the jar between themselves. On account of this in all the three places mentioned above, Nasik, Allahabad, Hardwar, the *Kumbh Mela* (*kumbh* means jar in Hindi) takes place every twelve years, and the majority of *Saaus* and holy men and tremendous crowds of people visit these places for worship and bathing. The date on which *Kumbh* falls is considered a very holy and blessed day. This year, January 29 was the day. The reason for the tremendous gatherings at Allahabad this year is that according to the Hindu *Shastras* (holy books) a new star was to be visible on January 29, the day on which *Kumbh* bathing took place.

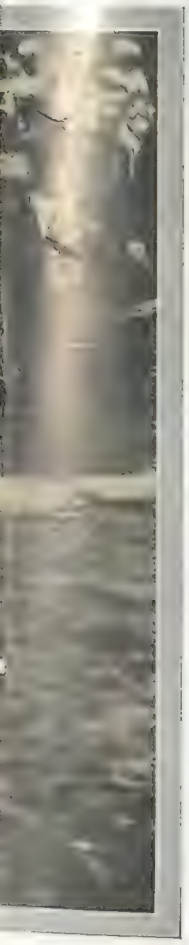
N in the GANGES

ndents, Showing for the First Time the Great
where Five Million Natives Bathed One Day

he Ganges at Allahabad. There nearly five millions of people bathed on
ial celebration, but was also the date of the appearance of a new star
athing celebrations continue for almost a month every twelve years

A FEW OF THREE MILLIONS: Huge crowds are always impressive and on few occasions have such swarms of humanity been gathered together in a comparatively small place as on January 29 at Allahabad, when every Indian longed to achieve absolution by bathing at the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna

MEDITATION: The attitude adopted by a caste of fakirs when devoting its attention to higher things. The caste is that of the Shives Mahadeo. The large beads are made of tulsi wood, which is supposed to be holy



ofession and absolu-
r vaunted denial of

TELLING HIS BEADS: A fakir amidst numberless fires counts his beads from 3 a.m. to 10 a.m. Inset above on left—*AN ATTITUDE Or PRAYER: A Sadhu, who prays in this position from noon till sunset.* Above—*A SECTION OF THE FIRST 100,000: Waist deep in water, their faces turned to the East, the natives greet the sun by self-immersion. The women fling water towards the fiery disc*

According to the holy books a new star is visible every thirty-six years.——Over a million pilgrims attending the *Kumbh Mela* bathed on Tuesday, January 14, 1930, at the Sangam, the holy spot where the Ganges and Jumna rivers meet at Allahabad. A 100,000 people standing waist-deep in the water, faces turned eastward, shivered as they waited the great moment. After waiting twelve years the moment was at hand. About them mingled the sacred waters of the Ganges and the Jumna, grey and murky, and away in the far horizon the dawn sky was brightening. Suddenly a thread of red light rose above a slate-blue bar of cloud and swelled instantly into the upper rim of the sun as with one voice the 100,000 expectant watchers greeted the sign: "Ram Ram; Ganga Mai Kee Jai," and immersed their bodies in the waters. This was the first important bathing day. Every mind was fixed on the Sangam, the holy of holies, where the two great rivers meet. The one hope of everyone was to bathe there, to seek absolution by performing in that spot the ordained ceremonies, and possibly to carry away to homes, some in the farthest corners of India, at least one *lota* full of the precious sanctifying water.

THIS SUMMER ABROAD

The month of April heralds the Winter in South Africa—a dry and bracing season of health, accompanied by sparkling days of sunshine and crisp clear nights on the invigorating High Veld situated at four to six thousand feet above sea level. At the lesser altitudes—in the Low Veld regions, and at Durban and the beautiful palm-fringed resorts on the Natal Coast—the Southern Winter brings in a succession of mild sunny days and cool nights.

The South African Winter, from April to September, is therefore the ideal season for visiting the great inland areas, including the Victoria Falls, the Matoppo Hills, the Game Reserves and National Parks of the Eastern Transvaal and the Drakensberg Mountains, and also the glorious resorts of the Indian Ocean on the Eastern Littoral.

Special sailings at reduced rates have been arranged by two of the leading Steamship Lines to leave Southampton on 30th May and 11th June, 1930. Bookings for these sailings, with complete inclusive tours in South Africa, are now being made. Full particulars will be sent on request to :—

THE DIRECTOR,
Publicity and Travel Bureau,
South Africa House,
Trafalgar Square,
London, W.C.2
and
the Leading Tourist Agencies.

South Africa

ART SCHOOLS of LONDON.

The Centenary of the Artists' Society: The Heatherley Art School: The Westminster Technical School

MODEL NIGHT: *A scene at the Artists' Society and Langham Sketching Club.* Below—THE LIFE CLASS: *At the Westminster Technical School*

SKETCHING NIGHT, 1850: *A vivid impression by J. Wingfield. The chairman is J. Pidgeon; Charles Keene is on the right, the artist of the picture on the left. Born 1830, the Artists' Society is still going strong*

A TWO-HOUR SKETCH: *The work of Mr. J. H. Hodgson, R.A. In the manner of Millais* (1854)

AT THE HEATHERLEY ART SCHOOL: *Students show their work to the Principal of the Institution where Sir John Lavery, Sir George Frampton, Dante Gabriel Rosetti, Frank Salisbury, and A. J. Painter (to mention a few outstanding artists) learned their art*

The Artists' Society, which is now in its centenary year, was formed for study from life in 1830, at a time when such study was difficult and expensive for individual artists. Many famous painters and illustrators have laid the foundation of their success within its walls. The Sketching Club, now known as the "Langham," was founded in 1838, and met once a week to sketch from a set subject, the sketches having to be completed in two hours. There have been many distinguished members both of the Society and its affiliated Sketching Club, including Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A., Sir Frank Dicksee, Sir J. Tenniel, and Charles Keene, perhaps the greatest of all British black and white artists.

HALF-SISTER, HALF-WIFE, HALF-FRIEND: Augusta Leigh whose friendship with her half-brother's wife is one of the mysteries of history

STRANGE FRIENDSHIPS—II

The Extraordinary Affinity Between

Augusta Leigh and Lady Byron

By ETHEL COLBORN MAYNE

Author of the Life and Letters of Annabella Lady Byron

There are people who attribute to names and letters of the alphabet an occult influence on human destinies; and though this is no belief of mine, I could not fail, when studying Byron's life, to notice the predominance of the letter "A" in the names of his closest women-relatives; and not only as an initial, for all those women's names both begin and end with it. Augusta, Annabella, Ada, Allegra: sister, wife, legitimate and illegitimate daughters—all as near as can be, and all in their different ways most vitally affected by his character and conduct. He may be said to have destroyed three of them; she who escaped that fate—his legitimate daughter Ada—did not escape the influence, the "doom" which he declared it was his destiny to bring down on all to whom he came near.

He himself was quick to perceive and stress the earliest example of this dominating letter of the alphabet. "The Two A's"—so he wrote of Annabella Milbanke and Augusta Leigh to Lady Melbourne, at a time when the pair had never met. The connection in which he thus referred to them lends a touch of poignant irony to their subsequent friendship—one of the strangest on record; for it was to Augusta Leigh, whose rivalry in his affection had from the first been a source of pain to her, that Annabella Byron turned despairingly during the terrible honeymoon in which it was driven on her what that rivalry had meant, and was to mean, for her hopes of wedded happiness.

"Augusta, will you be my *only* friend?" So she wrote from Halnaby to the sister of whom Byron had said that no one but she would make him happy. When she wrote, there had already been the hints—the more than hints—which awakened a vague, horrified suspicion; but she had thrust it from her, had blamed herself for conceiving it, had resolved with all the force of her will that she would not allow it to take shape. Annabella Byron was no blind innocent (or ignorant) "bread-and-butter miss"; young though she was when she married, the world of London Society was familiar to her, and so was the world of literature. Thus, though horrified, though as the days went on "driven nearly to madness" by Byron's allusions, she was able to think reasonably of the possible past on which he so insistently dwelt. It might have been "some unrepented *hour*, not systematic guilt"; and she felt that a wife must not resent sins committed before marriage, "not the deepest in the catalogue of human law." Moreover (and this, I believe, was the determining motive in her conduct) Augusta knew how to make him happy; and Annabella might learn from Augusta how to make him happy too.

That was the beginning of their friendship—that strange cry to the sister, who, reading it, must assuredly have divined that the writer was undergoing mental torture, and would guess perhaps of what nature it was. Then the bridal pair came on a visit to Mrs. Leigh's home at Six Mile Bottom, near Newmarket; and the friendship thus initiated was (amazingly indeed!) cemented during their fortnight's stay. Augusta's kindness won Annabella's heart completely, though it could not mitigate the agonies inflicted on her by Byron from beginning to end of the visit. For at Six Mile Bottom suspicion became almost certainty; but the sister suffered too, malice and insults were heaped upon her also, and in the end "a sort of tacit understanding was established between us."

This grew, on Annabella's side at any rate, into a deep and lasting affection. Let it be conceded that her love for Augusta was mingled—at first with the jealousy which she would have been either superhuman or subhuman if she had not felt; later, with equally inevitable distrust and resentment, complicated in still later years by the promise, sacred in her view, to "be kind to Augusta." But love there was until the very last. Estrangements (there were many); then, after a period of complete alienation, it revived—not all too late, but so nearly too late that remorse haunted her for years.

In a nature so unusual as Annabella Byron's, this friendship almost explains itself. For it appealed to the trait which was at once her noblest attribute and her most dangerous—magnanimity. She was of those for whom forgiveness plays a part in human relations not only disproportionate, but harmful to themselves as well as to those associated with them. To be forgiven is a state which in the long run proves insufferable. Almost everything that we deplore in the later intercourse of those two women resulted from that state, as it affected the one and the other. Annabella's conscious magnanimity, Augusta's conscious humility—neither could overcome these conditions, and the human nature in both found them beyond endurance.

Of Augusta's love for Annabella it is more difficult to be sure. Her character, though superficial, was in its own kind no less enigmatic; but apart from this there was for her an obvious worldly motive in "keeping in" with Lady Byron, and we cannot ignore it in considering the degree of her real response to Annabella's affection. My own sense has always been that that response was never entirely whole-hearted, that Augusta (though from first to last untouched by any jealousy regarding Byron) had never felt so warmly towards his wife as her constant kindness and care would seem to say.

There was in that kindness and care a strong element of remorse towards the wife whose anguish was so largely the outcome of Augusta's past relation with Byron; this by itself claimed every effort to protect her, to alleviate her pain. On no other count does Augusta seem to have been remorseful for the episode; on that count she was—at any rate after her visit to Six Mile Bottom. I do not mean to say that she did not love her sister-in-law at all; merely that she loved a good deal less than she was loved, and this not only because her nature fell far short of the other's in intensity.

That was so, but there was more in her worldly motive for acquiescence in Annabella's continued friendship; and her remorse for her own share in the disaster. Though the last scene when the old words: "Dearest Augusta," were whispered as a message from Annabella in her dying ears and she answered amid her tears: "You—my greatest consolation" . . . though this may seem to answer for an affection as profound as that bestowed on her. I think that when we review the long, vicissitous relations between the two A's, our conclusion must be that Augusta's feeling was very far inferior to Annabella's in warmth, not to say sincerity.

The fact that burning indignation often marked Lady Byron's attitude towards Mrs. Leigh seems an additional proof of this. Lady Byron felt so deeply that she could be stirred to extremes of conduct and expression, while Mrs. Leigh, incapable of fervours in any sort, did not ever rise to such heights of emotion as she *could* attain in her angers with her "guardian angel." To be forgiven, and to be (as she sometimes was) misjudged by that divinity, put a strain on their intercourse which even a perfectly natural and normal friendship might well have found too great. A finer nature than Augusta's would equally have rebelled; but her rebellion was so violent yet so feeble that the end could scarcely have been other than it was.

Extreme idealism, confronted with extreme superficiality, a rigorous sense of principle with no sense of principle whatever, seriousness with lightness, solid goodness with spurious religiosity—what could be the outcome of such a relation? Contrasts are not always actually attractive; this is a case in point. True the girlish Annabella Milbanke did attract Byron; but not enough to "carry him away," even when he was most enamoured of her differences from the woman who pursued him; and long before he married her, he had realized the evanescence of his feeling for her. Augusta's admiration for her was from the first tinged with awe—a state of which "Gus" was certain soon to tire, though when she did, the awe was replaced by tender pity and protectiveness.

But fascination was what neither Byron nor Augusta felt, nor indeed could have felt, as part of Annabella; she did not exercise that spell on anyone at any time. And experience mostly shows us that the one fascinated is the one to suffer—helpless, struggling against a "charm" which has all the mysterious power of the circle drawn upon the ground by a sorcerer. Intangible though it be, the victims are held within it; escape is not for them. So it was with her. Despite all her clear-sightedness, in the end, for the characters of both Byron and Augusta, she never did wholly escape from their spell.

To take another aspect, and speak quite frivolously, one might say that the creation of impossible mutual attitudes was a foible of Lady Byron's. She did it over and over again, and never was aware of the traits in herself which increased the impossibility. After the painful breach with Medora Leigh, she wrote to a girl-friend: "I think of having a seal with a large *gull* engraved on it—can you give me a motto?" The motto might have been, "Credo quia impossibile."

The two illustrations are by courtesy of Messrs. Constable, publishers of Miss Mayne's "Life of Lady Byron"

A LADY OF DISCOMFORTABLE ATTITUDES: Annabella Milbanke, later Lady Byron

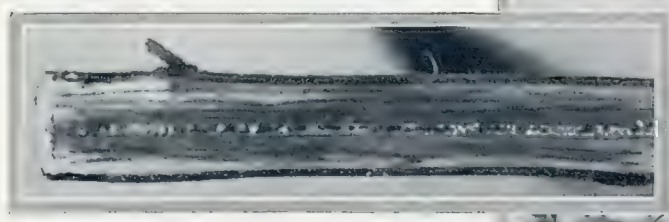
A PAGE OF PROVINCIAL INTEREST.

The Serious Cliff Subsidences in Sussex: A New Plague Attacks Elm Trees in Britain: Architectural Gems, Ancient and Modern

THE CRUMBLING CLIFFS OF ALBION: Two special "Sphere" pictures of Rottingdean, where many falls have taken place of late in sequence to that terrific landslip at Beachy Head, near the Devil's Chimney, illustrated some few weeks ago

BASTIONS IN DANGER: The chalk cliffs of the Southern Weald are crumbling, as this picture at Rottingdean shows

ARCHITECTURAL ARTISTRY: The bowls pavilion, Kemsley, Kent, by Adams, Thompson, and Fry—a firm doing much to improve the inexpensive architectural amenities of the British countryside



DISEASED: Fatal streaks in an elm

TO BE PRESERVED: Wakefield Council has decided to build a new bridge across the Calder and thus do away with the congestion that occurs on the old Chantry Bridge at present in use. The Chantry Bridge, which dates back to 1357, will be preserved intact as a relic. It is seen above with the Chantry Chapel

DOOMED: A plague known as Dutch Elm Disease has come from Holland, via Belgium and France, to Britain. The disease is a fungus (graphium ulmi) which kills the tree. Folkestone's trees (above) are suffering severely

BEHIND THE FOOT-LIGHTS

of the London Stage this Week.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND: Miss Jane Millican, the secretary, takes an impression of the safe key, but Mr. Norman McKinnel observes her—a tense moment from "Honours Easy," by Roland Pertwee, at the St. Martin's

IN YOUTH AND MIDDLE AGE: Miss Clare Eames in two aspects of the rôle first created by Miss Haidee Wright in "Milestones," the Bennett-Knoblock play revived at the Criterion

Drawn by Tom Titt

GAIETY AT THE GAIETY: Mr. Neil McKay, Miss Wyn Richmond, and Mr. George Clarke, have a spot of bother with the car in "Darling, I Love You," which is proving a popular draw

INTRUDERS IN THE HOME: An amusingly embarrassing moment in "Almost a Honeymoon," the new farce at the Garrick, when Mr. Gerald Pring discovers his flat invaded by Mr. Lamont Dickson, Mr. Hylton Allen, and Miss Renée Kelly

IN AN EARLY PINERO: Sir Nigel Playfair, Miss Alice Bowes, and Mr. Reginald Barton, in "Dandy Dick," the latest revival at the Lyric, Hammersmith. It is all too seldom that Sir Nigel takes any part in the plays he produces nowadays; when he does he invariably proves a very bright ornament indeed of the "Comédie Anglaise" he has evoked

The WORLD of WOMEN

Edited by DIANA BOURBON

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

editorial

There are some days when I can open my newspaper and visualise the mentality of the medievals with great clarity. Massacres of priests, lynchings in America, and abominable social cruelties tolerated even in this fair England, naturally make one wonder whether civilisation has progressed quite so flatteringly as we imagine.

Yet there are no days when I can open my newspaper and fail to find evidence of the splendid progress being made by woman. It is very puzzling, for the more women "progress" the worse the world gets! Or, more fairly perhaps, I should observe that it is amazing that there are so few progressive women who are definitely aiming at making the world happier and more peaceful.

That clever thinker, Mrs. George Cadbury, once said in my hearing, "Women are a most pugnacious lot, much more quarrelsome than men."

When someone looked shocked she added: "Yes, and they still hold to the old idea of the glamour and glory of war."

If you believe this to be true—and I do—it explains a lot; why, for instance, there is such appalling apathy concerning the results of the present Disarmament Conference.

WOMEN are so Pugnacious!

They may be the Gentler Sex—but they are still Militant

By Mordaunt Savage

The fact is that Woman remains a fighting animal, and even at her best cloaks her savagery of spirit with the flimsiest of wrappings. That great figure of the 'fifties, Florence Nightingale, reflected all that is best in woman. Yet those who care to read her private letters, full of inflammable passion, must be struck by the Jekyll-and-Hyde nature of one who presented herself outwardly to the world as a priestess of gentleness.

Woman to-day is inordinately proud of the "progress" she has made; but what has she done for the world? It seems to at least one man that her continued "progress" must inevitably lead to disaster. They say there is no such thing as a sex-war; but there is a sex-war being waged in every rank of the social armies.

This war does not concern itself so much with the job-stealing problem as with the general mental tendency of the modern woman to sacrifice the human qualities in which she excels in favour of other qualities which are essentially masculine.

It is a curious fact that nearly all the great and beloved women of the world have been mothers—by instinct if not in physical actuality. And it is another curious fact that nearly all the great women since the world began have wooed beauty as their great weapon.

I was reading the other day the report of the feminine delegates to the last session of the League of Nations, and it suddenly struck me that there was not one of the hundred or so women mentioned whom I should wish to meet or should wish to write about. They were all just copying men! In the old days woman, although supposedly under man's domination, was actually in command of the world. To-day her attempt to rival the male animal has merely earned her his contempt.

Men would willingly fight under the flag of a great and beautiful creature; but the same man hates to be employed by her as her typist.

There are exceptions to every rule, and if the feminist movement would care to know the actual state of masculine feeling, I should suggest a widespread census of opinion as to what women in the world to-day interests them most.

The results would be illogical and alarming. A man hates a "clever woman.

This week, for instance, I am intensely interested in Princess Ileana of Rumania, Mrs. James Brown, Yvonne Printemps, Princess Elizabeth, and one—I do not know her name—of the American typists accompanying the Naval Delegation.

It is difficult to analyse precisely why these five world figures should have sprung to my mind; but they are all intensely human and essentially feminine in the sense that they might have lived in any age.

SWEDEN'S ELLEN TERRY TO COME TO LONDON: Mme Tora Teje, Scandinavia's great actress, in one of the dresses she wears in her present successful Stockholm production, "Le Maitre de Son Cœur"

ART CRAFTS IN HIGH WYCOMBE: An artist painting a floral design on the back of a settee in the factory of Messrs. Parker and Sons

Princess Ileana has had the romance of her life broken by political pressure; Mrs. James Brown is preparing to leave her miner's cottage at Annbank to drive in full state to Holyrood Palace as the wife of Mr. James Brown, M.P., Lord High Commissioner of the Church Assembly of Scotland; Yvonne Printemps is rehearsing for a new play; the American typist has seen London under the most extraordinary conditions ever offered to a typist—and heaven knows what she thinks of it!—while Princess Elizabeth is the most talked-of infant in the world!

Can anything be more illogical than this group?

Yet they have one thing in common: Charm. And if woman wants to make the world a happier and less restless place to live in let her cultivate Charm. All the idealism necessary can be supplied by men; it is their speciality, just as realism is woman's property.

JUST FOR *the sake of* ARGUMENT

. . . written to provoke . . .

By Diana Bourbon

ARE WE INTOLERANT ?—In a positively shattering article, Mr. Beverley Nichols demolishes quite a few popular idols in the current issue of *Britannia and Eve* . . . which magazine as a result brings forward a novel accusation — ours is an *Intolerant* generation. We have been accused of so many things . . . generally having to do with much laxness. Never before of Intolerance.

Are we Intolerant? If so, thank God! Tolerance, raised to the *n*th degree and deified, has ruled and ruined the world, the country, and human nature long enough. It's time for a good, straight, healthy innings of ceasing to tolerate anything.

Who knows? By dint of it we might actually get something done . . . which would certainly be a novelty. Get what done? Oh!—does it matter? *Anything—Everything.* It all wants doing up badly. It's a house that's been out of repair for years.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HEALTH INSURANCE?—Why isn't there more popular interest—indignation would be a more complimentary word for our sincerity and citizenship—over this grotesque, Balzacian incident of the panel doctors and the hundred-pound fine?

For the information of those of you who missed reading about it in the newspapers (nobody ought to have), two panel doctors, running a slum clinic, have been fined £100 for taking too good care of their patients. They gave them too much medicine when they needed it. Too expensive treatments. In fact, behaved just as if they were real patients under the care of a *pay* doctor, and consequently with the right to have their ailments taken seriously.

Scandalous state of affairs! . . . What a marvellous thing it would be if, now that we have got women *into* public life, we could get hypocrisy out of it. This incident . . . either the panel system is a farce, and officially acknowledged as such—or it is a genuine effort in social welfare, and its practitioners to be encouraged to *take it seriously and do their best.*

As a general rule it is, admittedly, a farce.

DOWN WITH THE FRENCH DRESS DESIGNER.—A certain popular organ, with the assistance of a group of celebrities, has just set about discovering the fact that French modes don't suit the Englishwoman.

One could have told them so long ago. In fact I have, in the past, made myself exceedingly unpopular in many circles by saying just that.

French designs "belong" to the Frenchwoman, the Austrian, the Russian, the American, the Argentine, the Spaniard—yes. To the Englishwoman—no. They don't suit her personality, the lines of her body, or her point of view.

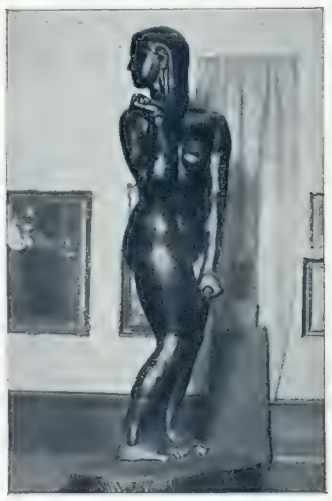
The Englishwoman who gets her clothes in Paris (unless she has foreign blood in her veins) is an ill-dressed woman. The great English firms which have made fortunes by dressing their customers in French models have made them by secretly "adapting," altering the designs.

. . . Only the other day I laughed because one of the most *chic* Frenchwomen I know told me she had come to London to buy sports clothes *—from the London branch of a famous French house!* "They make them differently—for London," she said. "I like them better."

She appreciated the for-the-Englishwoman adaptation of the styles.

NEWSPAPERS AND LIBEL.—Have been much in the public eye of late. Most people's sympathies in these affairs —and certainly these "unaccountable and unreasonable element of a trial represented by the jury"—as an eminent American lawyer once ungallantly put it to me—incline towards the individual rather than the rich corporation (newspaper). But then very few people even begin to appreciate the cleft stick that is the newspaper's position.

There is hardly anything you can say about anybody that couldn't, if one were so disposed, be twisted into libellous significance. Even the truth, under certain circumstances, may constitute libel. Perhaps one should say especially the truth. . . . Yet too much expurgation may expurgate perfectly legitimate news . . . which one's deadliest rivals are then sure to have published *in extenso.*



EVE FROM THE BACKWOODS: *A giant statue of Eve carved from the body of an Australian tree by Miss Edna Manley*

WHY NOT A NEWSPAPER DRAMA?—As a matter of fact there are in London shady solicitors whose whole business it is to go through the newspapers with a fine tooth comb looking for remotely—possibly—libellous statements. Having netted a few, they get into touch with the individuals concerned (usually, of course, in poor circumstances), advise them of the sporting chance of getting something for nothing, and arrange to handle the case for a substantial proportion of the proceeds, if any. It is a form of blackmail. To avoid the trouble and expense of fighting, with no hope of recovering its costs on winning, the newspaper will often pay up. Hundreds and hundreds of libel suits never come into court.

. . . Why, I wonder, haven't more books and plays been written about newspapers? A *wonderful* subject. Far more fruitful than that favourite hunting ground of romances—the stage. But the only good novel I can think of is Alphonse Courlander's pre-War, *Mightier than the Sword.* The only good play the ultra-modernist American one, *The Front Page.* As a matter of fact I do know of another—English, exceptionally good, and piquante, becauses it uses, rather brilliantly, several real life characters. But that piquancy has been its downfall since pressure was brought to bear . . . and none of us are ever likely to see it produced.

A REALLY EDGAR WALLACESIAN CROOK.—To get back to libel . . . Another actual and ingenious trick actually brought off.

A certain criminal was sent to prison. Interest in him ran high at the time. A former associate of his came forward and offered to supply the press with a detailed story of his life. Nearly every newspaper bought. The story was a good one, and on every verifiable point absolutely true. But hidden away amongst its many startling facts were two insignificant statements that were deliberately false. Years passed. The criminal came out of prison. Went round to all the papers, pointing out that he had been libelled, threatening action, and claiming damages. They paid up. The criminal divided the spoils with his accomplice.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE CHARM OF THE REFECTORY TABLE: *A delightful treatment of a fashionable antique*

The first four-legged tables were made early in the 16th century with stout, square legs, a frieze rail under the top, and stretchers all round. The bulbous-legged refectory table with a foot rail all round, or alternatively along the centre and at the ends, appeared about 1575. The majority of these tables were beautifully carved, but the late Elizabethan type had moulded "cup and cover" bulbous legs or melon-shaped legs. The table-tops were perfectly smooth, but the main underframe was traced with geometrical patterns above a lower edge of carved moulding. The majority of the carving was in the form of acanthus. All trestle and refectory tables were 4 in. to 6 in. higher than dining-tables of later periods.

UTILITY *and* ART

The old chest has much to recommend it, if properly treated

Throughout the early centuries of furnishing history the chest was the most accommodating household possession known. As chair or bed, wardrobe or travelling trunk, it played the part of universal friend in palace and humble cottage alike, its very adaptability raising it to the position of furniture god *par excellence.* Later criticism goes even further, and applauds it as one of the most ingenious space-savers ever invented.

In its original form it was no more than an oblong wooden box with flat-shaped lid, and may-be feet to raise the bottom off the ground. On this you sat or slept in comfort, according to the modest requirements of that earlier day. Devised for transport, handles were fixed at either side of the chest, which might even be lifted right off the supporting feet.

Backs for ease were a later thought, but the artist who made a movable bar foresaw the development of the present day. The chest he fashioned could thus be used as a seat on either side, crude though this first attempt now appears after 400 years. But backs became common in the Italian chests of the sixteenth century, when side-arms, too, completed the resemblance to the familiar sofa with the lid—as of old—for seat.

Making them higher, the fifteenth-century produced chest-tables, show-pieces, these most of wonderful design, destined for noble mansions or the ducal palaces of Venice. And last of all, lest unruly feet should ruin the marvellous carving which artists lavished on their finest work, the chest at times forsook its box-like form, evolving sides that curved away beyond the reach of heels.

Nor was the inside finished without that same sure touch of genius which solved the outward problems of use and space. Simply constructed when only for clothes—the chest's original purpose — drawers and shelves were fitted within when a writing-table was required. With iron locks it became the old-time safe, and my lady's jewels, her household moneys, and papers were securely stowed away in special pigeon-holes.

And it was surely by way of the chest that the wardrobe came, for it was the ingenious saver of space again who set one small chest above another, and lifted it down as occasion required. And out of it, too,

ANTIQUES OF THE MODE: *The small chest is of seventeenth-century date. The larger carries its year, 1688, upon it. One chest on top of another prepared for the modern wardrobe. By courtesy of the Vienna Art Museum*

SECTION—cont.

OLD ENGLISH *refectory* TABLES

A dining-room treatment worthy of grave consideration

By G. Bernard Hughes

Carving gradually diminished during the early Stuart period, the egg-shaped bulbous legs often being merely turned uncarved. The under-edge of the table was carved with leaf decoration and with the familiar "S" strap. The spiral twist refectory table dates from 1650.

Refectory tables were made for farmhouse use until the middle of the 18th century. Usually they were of oak with plain turned legs, and have a charm seldom found in other tables of their type. Individual carpenters used their own ideas of form, the result being that very few are found alike. Seldom stained, they are usually of a rich brown colour.

The draw or extending table first appeared about 1580, and rapidly superseded the refectory table in fashionable circles. The top was in three pieces, the two ends sliding from under the centre-piece, and being supported with tapered bearers which lifted them up to the main table-top. Whether one end or both were drawn out, the top was always level. Trestle type refectory tables were also made with draw tops. Very few draw tables were made after the accession of Charles the First.

"À L'AMÈRICAINE": *A refectory table treatment in the Colonial style*

in BY-GONE DAYS

By Harriet Dickson

there grew no less, the modern sideboard. Venetian craftsmen showed the way with fronts which opened in the middle. The lid could be raised to display a shallow drawer, and another to pull out was placed just above the pedestal support.

The oldest piece of movable furniture invented, the chest remained in favour till the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was by far too much of a democrat to lose its hold entirely even when cupboards came, and though in its later years it became the expression of the art of the Renaissance, it had lived for centuries before as the most valued piece of furniture in the home.

The interest which the chest commands to-day centres on the art rather than the utility, remarkable though that was in its day. The prolific periods of Gothic and Renaissance produced thousands of chests of rare design, a lure for collectors nowadays when fortune brings them their way. Some few of these richest of periods from a private collection will shortly be auctioned in Vienna, a Rimini table-chest of 1460 date, among others belonging to German Gothic and the Renaissance of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Painted, carved, or with rich inlay in ebony and ivory, there was no end to the wonderful workmanship, while even great artists like Raphael, Michaelangelo, and Holbein did not hesitate to lend their designs. The oldest example of carved Gothic chests are French, but Germany and Switzerland have likewise much to show, while the Victoria and Albert Museum is a veritable treasure trove of them all.

Tudor, best known in England, became something of a blend of both, of Gothic, which preserved the utility aspect, and of Renaissance with its development towards a more decorative note.

The Renaissance indeed stressed the artistic side. Inlay, pictures, silk; nothing was too good for the chest of that day. Gold and bronze decoration were used, particularly in Venice, and costly materials to cover vied with the most precious of woods. Sometimes pictures by masters like Botticelli and Giovanni were let in along the front, the rest being elaborately carved. Unlike the simpler Gothic, these Italian chests decorated all four sides, most Gothic examples confining their carving to front and lid.

RICH CARVING OF THE GOTHIC: *A Gothic chest with characteristic design adorning the front. By kind permission of the Vienna Art Museum*

Ewing Galloway

THE ROYAL BALLET, CAMBODIA: *Some of the corps trained from infancy*

FROM THE LAND OF AFTERNOON

Burma, land of rigid castes and all but fatal murder!

By Dorothy Black (the well-known novelist)

Maung Po Lone, a very good first-class Burmese cooking gentleman, to describe him in his own words, is in trouble. He has just appeared, salaaming, looking extremely cheerful considering the weight of his sorrows, to say he cannot cook any more and it is all very unfortunate. The reason he cannot cook any more is that he must go to prison. When we inquire, distressed, why this misfortune has overtaken him, Maung Po Lone replies that he has killed a dhobie, one of that unspeakable caste existing merely to wash the clothing of worthier men.

"Not yet dead, Madam. But very soon will be." Maung Po Lone says it simply, with the pride of a workman in a job well done.

The disastrous story is unfolded. At the hour of the rising of the sun, Maung Po Lone went to the dhobie's house in search of a clean jacket to come to work. The dhobie was away at the bazaar and Maung Po Lone sat down waiting the space of a pot boil for his return. At that hour when the hpoongyis go forth to beg, came the dhobie, walking drunkenly, for that is a very foul and unclean man, the friend of goats. Maung Po Lone inquired for his jacket.

The dhobie announced the fact that with regard to jacket goat had eaten same. Maung Po Lone resented this information by picking up the dhobie and throwing him several times head first into a clump of bamboo. The dhobie stood this ordeal fairly, emerging in average condition, whereupon Maung Po Lone picked up the knife that is always so handy, and performed feats of carving on the dhobie's person.

"He will die. Therefore must I go to jail and cannot cook further," said Maung Po Lone.

Knowing how slender is the line that divides a handshake from a knife-thrust in this sunny east country, we promise to see what can be done about it. We visit the dhobie.

He is lying in his house, and all about him his wives, mother-in-law, aunts, sisters, and children are wailing heartily. They are seated to do so on bundles of other people's washing.

BY THE KING'S COMMAND: *Native dancers in the Court of Siam*

It is essential that something be done, or not only shall we have no cooking but no clean clothes. The dhobie exhibits his injuries and calls upon whatever gods there be, whoever's they may be, to strike Maung Po Lone dead where he stands. This they fail to do, though he is mildly attacked in the rear by a goat.

The first thing is to take a stick and beat out the goats and relations. Then we talk. After a long discussion and some subtle mention of monetary compensation for inconvenience caused, the dhobie agrees to go to hospital and be mended.

We cannot expect clean clothes for some little time, but at least we have our cook. We breathe again. All goes well. Maung Po Lone is stealing our butter, sugar, and fruit, to take as presents to the dhobie where he lies in hospital leading a gentleman's life.

The dhobie emerges from the hospital mended. He is back at his work again. All is well with the world, and presently we shall have a clean table-cloth.

Alas, here is Maung Po Lone, again, salaaming.

"Very sorry, Madam, cannot cook any more now."

Horrified, we go into the matter, At any moment Maung Po Lone may have to go to jail for attempted murder.

"What?" we say. "Again?"

No. It is the same murder. Although the dhobie has forgiven all and become one of Maung Po Lone's intimate friends, it appears while he was in hospital the nature of his injuries reached official ears. The matter has become a police case.

Our compound is full of police. They are all here except the Inspector-General himself. The dhobie refuses to make a charge, and we have pointed out to them that their presence is not required. It is useless. They will not go away.

Soon Maung Po Lone will murder a policeman, and that will be a grave matter; for policemen cost more than dhobies. Better have left the matter alone from the beginning since we are to be cookless after all.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—continued.

The MODERN PRINT

—Although other art is in a state of flux, prints are improving every day

By K. Norman Hillson

This is the age of the print. While artists are struggling to find new expressionist mediums—and with indifferent success—etchers and workers in dry point and wood-cut are attaining heights of excellence which make their achievement one of the artistic events of the age.

Art in England is in a curious state of flux and confusion. The picture-postcard art of the Royal Academicians is generally despised by the modern. Although many of the present members of that august body are artists of feeling and inspiration, they all suffer from the stigma of the commonplace which was rightly bestowed on the Royal Academy at the end of the Victorian era.

In the same way there are many who are frankly at a loss when it comes to the question of pictures by the rising young men and women of Chelsea and St. John's Wood. In these days of rush and craze there are still some who know that the sea is not pink and that the sky cannot be interpreted through the medium of mauve and heliotrope. And there is the case in point of the picture which was awarded first prize in a Chicago competition but which was subsequently found to having been hanging upside down at the time of the award.

Besides this there is the question of cost. Because a picture is painted in our own time it does not follow it can be purchased for a few pounds. The happy days when the chance collector could wander into the studio of a Franz Hals or a Vermeer and pick up a masterpiece for a song have not returned in these days of John and Orpen. The collector of oil paintings of quality in these days must be a man of a fairly long purse.

But with print collecting it is different. There are scores of fine artists to-day who are producing etchings and drypoints which will go down to history as symbolic of the Georgian period. Moreover their collection involves the sensation of a profitable gamble. When artists like Brangwyn, Muirhead Bone, Sir D. Y. Cameron and James MacBey first produced etchings and drypoints they were sold for a few pounds. The public, which is much more discerning than most would have us believe, immediately realised that the galleries in Bond Street were showing pictures which would most certainly appreciate in value. They were quickly snapped up, and now those early works command considerable prices. Only a week or two ago I saw one knocked down at public auction for £300.

Of course, the art of etching is not new. It dates back several centuries. Rembrandt in old time and Whistler in modern times all worked with a plate. But it has been left to this generation to develop the art which Meryon made so peculiarly his own.

I will cite one example of this variety of the modern proof. Take the etchings of Van Abbé which are to be seen in Frost and Reed's gallery in King Street, St. James's. You have the care-free smile of the bargee about to dispose of a pint of ale. Then there are the careworn eyes of the High Court judge delivering a verdict. What of the insinuating heartiness of the bookmaker, side by side with the bearded figure of the beefeater, who although he knows he is close to the edge of life, stands erect with his halberd in his right hand? See how the etching brings out all the foreground details of the windmill at Wenduyne, and throws an air of mystery over the figures of the coopers at work in semi-darkness under an arch at Beaucaire.

It is because the modern print is so varied that it is being greatly sought after. A judicious selection of prints can stamp a room with its own individuality much more surely than the disposal of pieces of furniture, no matter how rare or choice.

"THE WINDMILL, WENDUYNE," *by S. van Abbe, A.R.E. An exquisite study of Belgium, published by Frost and Reed, Ltd.*

DICTA *of the* MODE

BEIGE WOOLLEN COAT WITH SMALL CAPE EFFECT: *The wide belt has a hooked enamel buckle clasp. Handbag of box calf with an Ermeto watch inserted in the handle. One end of the scarf is buttoned at the neck*

ENSEMBLE OF REVERSIBLE WOOL AND SILK MATERIAL: *The waist of the skirt comes to a triangular point, overlapping the georgette blouse. The light kid bag is appliqued with a patent leather band. Crystal necklace*

FASHIONS *in* MAKE-UP

The art that conceals art is the art of to-day

By Elizabeth Craig

The make-up that is obvious is no longer the mode. To be really modern you must be yourself, and a little more, yourself, with all your good points strengthened so delicately that you look perfectly natural.

But before I describe in detail the latest aids to the new make-up, let me mention that the base of such a make-up is a perfectly clean skin.

Once your skin is in perfect order it is quite easy to adopt and be a credit to the new make-up, the motive of which is to make you look your best, not an advertisement for somebody's rouge, or somebody's powder.

You need first of all a foundation cream or lotion which you should apply before powdering. If you suffer from a dry skin try the new French cream which has to be blended with a skin tonic before using under powder. If yours is an oily skin, choose the new antiseptic lotion which can be had in six shades, including the fashionable Spanish rachel and ochre.

Which rouge you select depends entirely on your colouring. The latest rouge comes in three shades — light, dark, and Titian or "red-haired" rouge. The first is for use on a clear skin by day and for any skin by night, when a bright colour is wanted. The dark is good for practically any kind of skin for both day and evening wear. The third is specially made for red-haired or very fair people who want a soft colour. It can be used both for day and evening make-up, and is very kind to elderly complexions.

No matter the rouge you choose, apply it very lightly to the cheeks and the tips of the ears, and blend it carefully in with the tips of your fingers so that no streaks show when your make-up is finished.

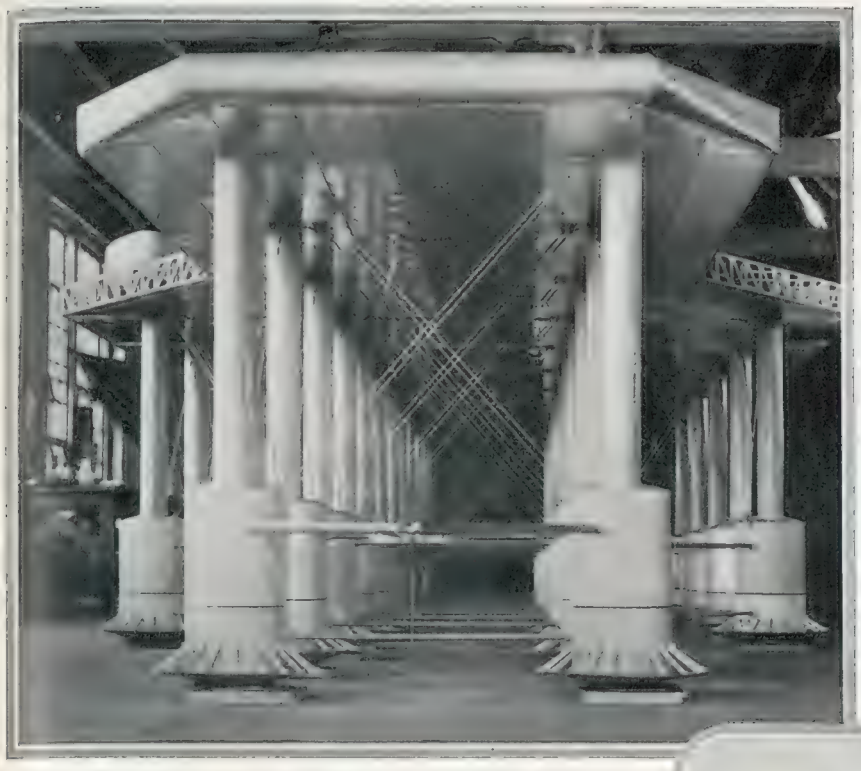
You must be as careful in your choice of powder to-day as you are in your choice of rouge. For to-day banana, a shade that is deeper and warmer than the more common rachel, is now the mode. For evening, Ardena powder is becoming to most complexions. If you have a very fair or a very old skin, select mat foncé. If you want a peachy blend, choose Illusion. If your skin is sallow, better to choose rose flower powder.

Colour your lips with either a light or dark indelible lip pencil. The dark is becoming to most faces by day, and the light by night. And having got this length, do not spoil the effect by appearing made-up to perfection, but alas for your nose! You can now obtain tiny bottles of liquid which will take the shine off almost anything. All that I ask is to take it off your nose.

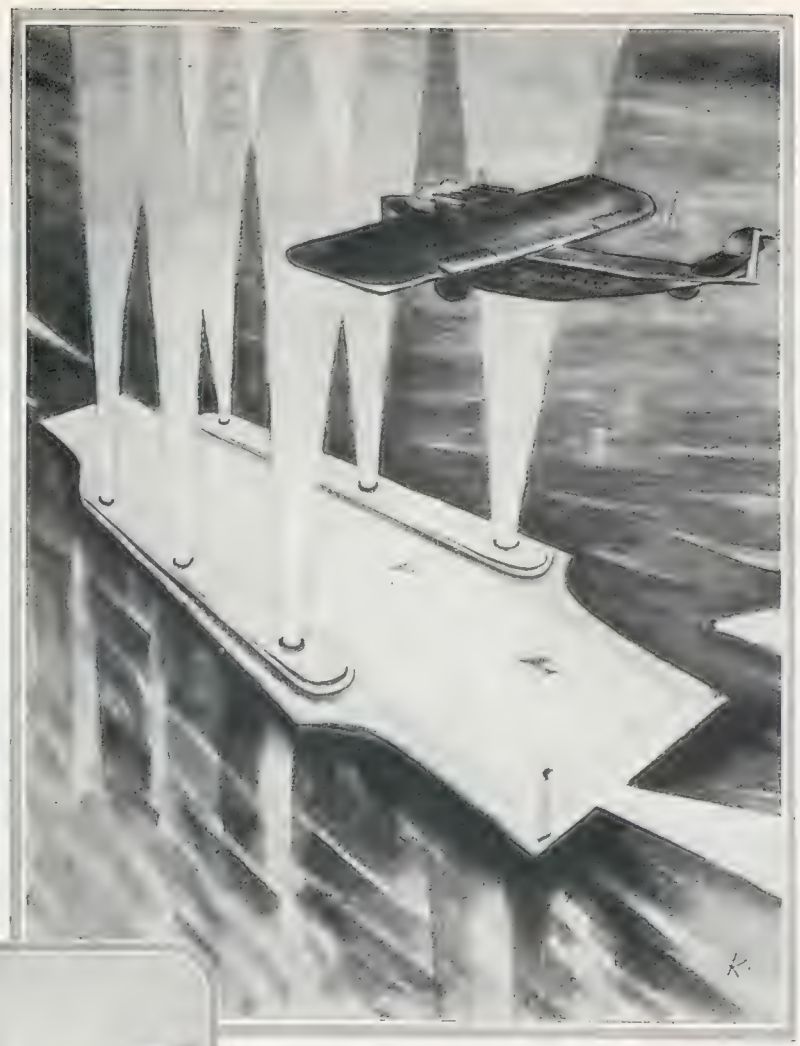
MAKE-UP MUST BE NATURAL: *The fashion in cosmetics has changed from this. Posed by Miss Gwen Lee*

The SEA-DROME MODEL.

Special Pictures of the Edward R. Armstrong Project: A New Form of Flying Instruction: A Glider Used as a Parachute from a Dirigible

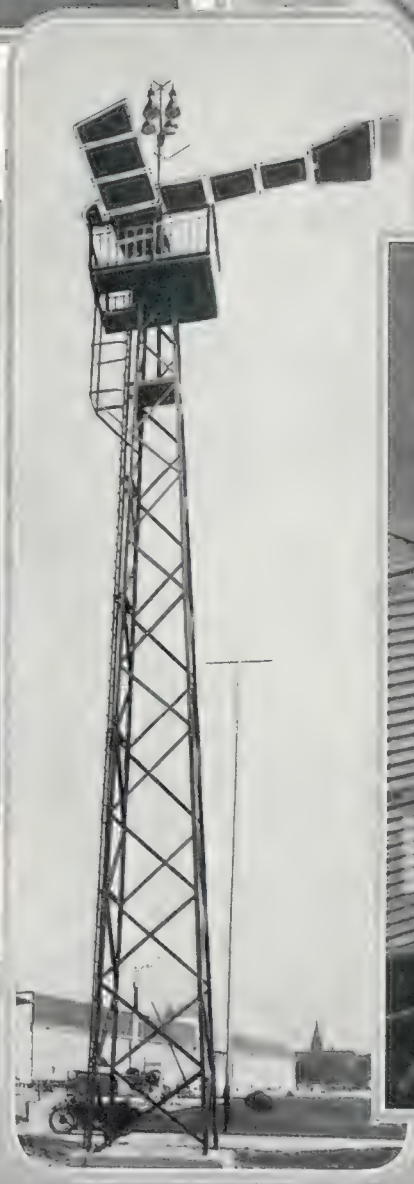


THE MID-ATLANTIC AEROPLANE LANDING-STAGE: The large working model of the Edward R. Armstrong sea-drome. The waves surge through the pillars and struts but do not affect the platform which rides above, as the canister foundations extend 100 ft. below the surface activity

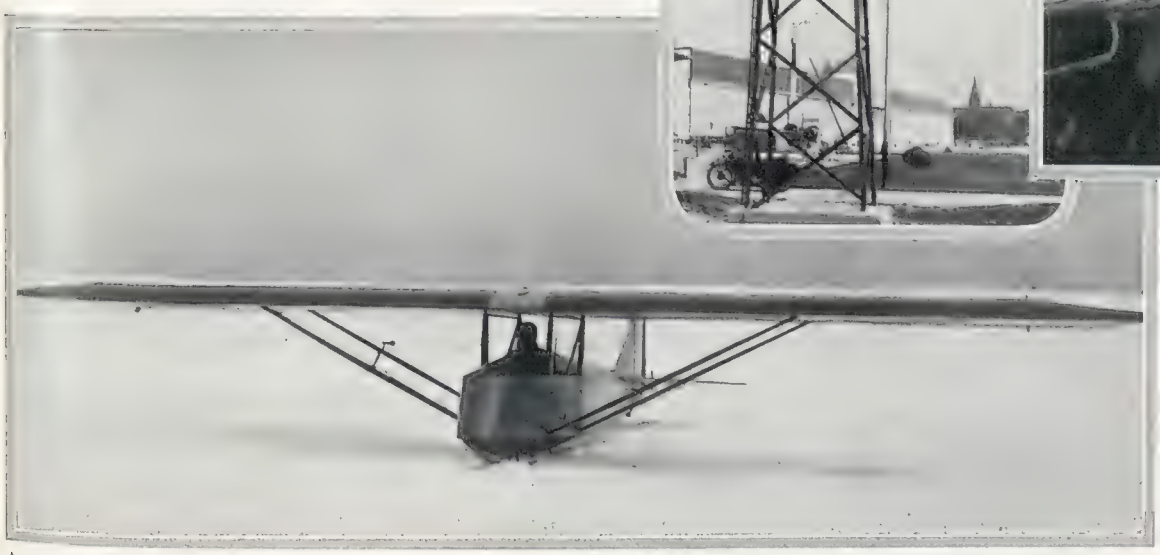


A PILLAR OF FIRE BY NIGHT: Six gigantic searchlights will illuminate the sea-drome. Its size can be estimated by noting the 'planes already landed. Searchlights will be affixed at bow and stern

REPAIRS IN MID-OCEAN—A PROJECT OF THE FUTURE: A great sea-plane is seen being hoisted up on to the sea-drome by a crane. The sea-drome will, if as practicable as its models demonstrate it should be, serve as a fuelling and repair station



FLYING BLIND: The distinguished German pilot, Herr Willi Polke, is giving a class in blind flying on the air-port of Staaken, near Berlin, where pilots will learn to guide their 'planes without looking out. A parallel steering gear will point out to the "blind" flyer any mistakes in the direction, speed, etc. This new device is absolutely necessary for night-flying, so that the flyers get used to not seeing anything around them. Above is a machine with the student's seat covered so that he can't see anything, and the teacher's seat open, to guide him correctly



A GLIDER USED AS A PARACHUTE: Lieutenant Ralph Barnaby in the glider which he piloted to a safe landing after his sensational take-off from the Navy's dirigible, *Los Angeles*, while flying 3,000 ft. above the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, New Jersey. After being released from the airship, the glider was skilfully manœuvred into a perfect landing in the snow by her intrepid and able pioneer. *Inset above* is a wind-vane in the form of an aeroplane, which forms a fitting symbolical feature of the air-port, Berlin

The SPHERE of TRAVEL:

A Weekly Feature Devoted to the Interests of Travel at Home and Abroad. Edited by CRAWFURD PRICE

Excursions in LIGURIA and TUSCANY

by STUART ELLIOTT

PISA, CITY OF THE LEANING TOWER: An aerial view of the great centre showing the domed baptistry, the long cathedral with its cupolas and the campanile, which is more familiarly known as the Leaning Tower, all situate in the Piazza del Duomo of this Tuscan city

There are some perhaps who arrive at their favourite winter resort on the Riviera and decide, quite emphatically, that a round thousand miles throughout the length of France constitutes travelling enough. Sufficient for them that they have reached a blue sea and a compassionate sun, and there they will remain until it is time to return to England. Much can be said in favour of this attitude, for the visitor who applies himself to the manifold diversions and excursions on the French Riviera will do well enough.

Nevertheless there are treats of real and lasting interest for those who will go a little farther afield and explore the enchanting mountain-girt coast of Liguria and the sunny, sheltered plain of Tuscany. Genoa, indeed, is less than one hundred miles from Monte Carlo, and if you double that distance you have Pisa spread before you, with its Leaning Tower and all the architectural wonders of a city which existed in the years before the coming of Christ. To those who have travelled a thousand miles and enjoyed the process of complete physical rejuvenation on the Riviera these distances are paltry.

The journey from the border at Ventimiglia to Genoa will take roughly four hours. The railway track is a curious one, built for the most part along the thin strip of coast between the mountains and the sea. At one moment the train is scuttling along in the shadow of overhanging boulders — at the next you can almost feel the sea spray. The mountains here—the Alpes Maritimes, and later the Apennines—are your constant companions as you skirt the huge semi-circle of the Gulf of Genoa. They sprawl down, like some immense recumbent beast, culminating in great rocks at the very water's edge. You will soon appreciate exasperating difficulties which confronted the railway engineers along this stretch of line, for it is no exaggeration to say that the tunnels can be counted in scores. However they are all very short, and at least they enable the traveller to play a fascinating game of hide-and-seek with the mountains and the blue Mediterranean.

This Ligurian coast is one of the most beautiful in the world. At first sight it conveys the quite erroneous impression of being a cheap and rather grimy imitation of the French Riviera. If it lacks the artificial formality of the latter it is the better for it, and the rocky loveliness of this coast-line has a natural charm of its own. You will become acquainted with a dozen or more charming little Italian bathing resorts, even after leaving the more fashionable and Anglicised Bordighera, Ospadaletti, San Remo, and Alassio.

Genoa is a city of wide streets, attractive shops, spacious squares, and fine buildings. There is a modern and energetic commercial spirit abroad here. From the station square, grouped with comfortable and inexpensive hotels, it is but a very few minutes to one of the most beautiful and prosperous harbours along the Mediterranean. If you want to inspect it at close quarters you can get a boatman to row you around its vast extent, choc-a-bloc with the vessels of all nations, their masts pushing upwards to a blue sky like a forest of pines. A series of moles has divided the harbour into two portions, each practically land-locked, and the whole is dominated by the tall column of "La Lanterna" (lighthouse), with a flash which is seen twenty miles away. A splendid general view of the harbour is afforded by the nearby terrace of the Piazza Principe, and best of all is the unforgettable panorama of the coast from the high land of the Righi just back of the town.

The streets of Genoa reveal many interesting things and the churches are well worth visiting. You will find a statue of Columbus, who was a native of Genoa, and in the museums of the Via Garibaldi there are fine examples of the art of Van Dyck, Rubens, Murillo, Tintoretto, Titian, and others. A very efficient tram service operates from the vast square—Piazza de Ferrari—in the middle of the city, and the visitor may make inexpensive journeys to the beautiful suburbs of Nervi and Pegli.

A PORT OF LIGURIA: An impression of Genoa Harbour crammed with shipping

Pisa, three hours away, offers a striking contrast to the bustle and progress of Genoa, for this ageless city, lying compact and snug on the Tuscan plain, had a place in history six hundred years before the coming of Christ. The Arno, a sluggish brown stream, pushes its way between tall, green-shuttered houses, ancient churches and gateways, and under its four bridges, to describe a beautiful curve as it flows on through the city. In the background the sheltering Appennines crowd in upon Pisa like a gigantic screen of deepest purple.

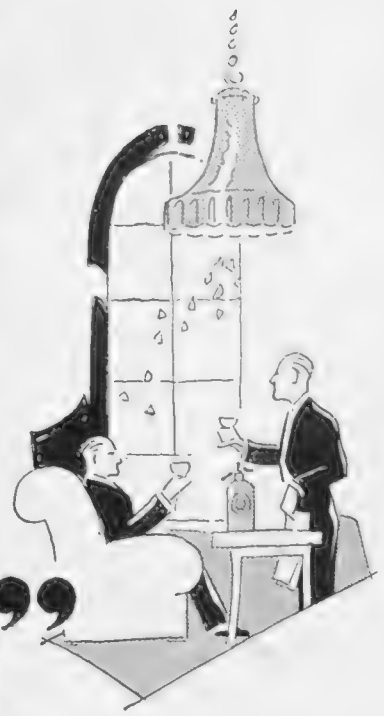
The city of the Leaning Tower basks in the brilliant Italian sunlight and dreams of its past. Its cobbled streets have a fascinating habit of twisting in and out like giant corkscrews. They pass between churches and houses, emerge into quiet squares, and burrow through ancient arches and gateways.

The Leaning Tower is the ultimate goal of every visitor to Pisa, and one comes upon it with startling suddenness. Gleaming white, on D'Annunzio's Violet Meadow, is a group of architectural gems which is quite unique. The Leaning Tower itself is a seven-storied cylinder of marble rearing its bell-crowned head into a blazing sky, and lurching there like a huge tree blown sideways in a gale. One may ascend the crazy stairway inside the Tower and be rewarded by a wonderful panorama of the plain of Tuscany from the Apennines to the sea. Close by is the Cathedral, with lace-like ornamentations and massive bronze doors, and inside a cool, shadowy loftiness. The Baptistry, a stone's-throw across the green, is a smaller building, dome-shaped, with an exquisite coverlet of stone tracery. The cemetery is the fourth building of the group, divided into long stone-floored galleries and crowded with a bewildering collection of frescoes, sculptures, monuments, and sarcophagi. Of course the interests of Pisa are not entirely confined to the Violet Meadow, for in another corner of the city is the Civic Museum with its tapestries, pictures, and battle standards. The churches, too, are interesting, especially that of the Knights of Saint Stephen.

This ancient city of Pisa seems almost oblivious to the march of progress, but the traveller is handsomely and reasonably accommodated in its excellent hotels.

THE CUSTOM OF THE CULTURED!

In matters of hospitality one must be assured that the refreshment offered to guests shall be of a quality beyond reproach. That is why the original Soda Water is to-day more popular than ever, its perfection recognised everywhere by those who know, the finest of its kind, the famous



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Travel in England

GOLF AT TORQUAY

The Palace Hotel, Torquay, attracted many visitors during the closing days of February. At the invitation of Mr. G. W. Hands, the proprietor, a number of guests assembled to witness a two-day golfing competition on the miniature course in the hotel grounds, leading professionals taking part. The difficulties of this exacting approach-and-putt course were not entirely surmounted by even our best players at the game, and several of the rounds proved both interesting and exciting. True, after a time, when the competitors had settled down, the pitch shots became almost monotonous in their accuracy, but the trickiness of the greens in most instances called for a couple of putts although quite a number of holes were accomplished in two strokes, and at least two in one stroke from the tee.

Ted Ray was the winner of the competition with a score of 209 for the 72 holes, C. A. Whitcombe and Abe Mitchell tieing for second place with scores of 212. A replay by this pair over 13 holes resulted in Whitcombe being placed second and Mitchell third.

Apart from their enjoyment of the golf, the guests took full advantage of the many other amusements the Palace Hotel provides, indulging in tennis, squash rackets, badminton, and swimming in the covered swimming pool during their stay. But undoubtedly the miniature golf links, situated in the beautiful valley that fronts the terrace, will remain one of the chief attractions. The course requires but a niblick and a putter, with the addition of a mashie for the longest of the holes, but all nine must be played with accuracy to ensure a respectable score against bogey of 27.

Quite near the hotel is the excellent South Devon Golf Course, where more strenuous games may be played.

IN THE WEST COUNTRY: The Palace Hotel, Torquay, showing one of the greens of the miniature golf course

GOLF IN MINIATURE: A scene on the "approach-and-putt" course, which is one of the numerous attractions of the Palace Hotel, Torquay

About fifteen miles from the town of Torquay there is another beautiful hotel for those who love quiet and outdoor recreations. This is the Manor House Hotel, under the management of the Great Western Railway, which is ideally situated at North Bovey, Moretonhampstead, 700 feet above sea level in a park of 200 acres. Here a new golf course is being laid out by Mr. J. F. Abercromby of Addington and Captain Franks. It will be ready in September if not before and should add greatly to the amenities of this charming guest house.

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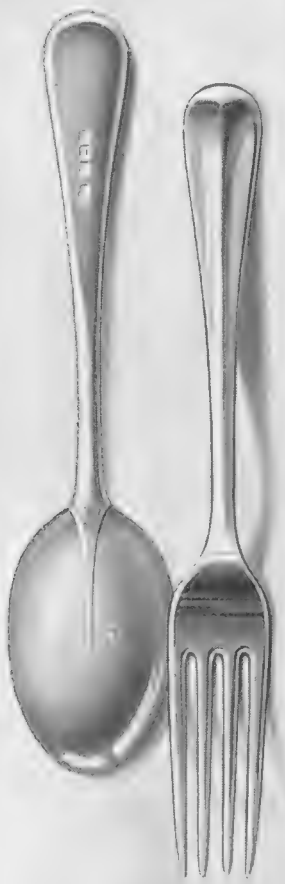

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THIS Polished Oak Cabinet is conveniently fitted with Sterling Silver Spoons and Forks and fine African Ivory Cutlery with Stainless Steel Blades. Contents:—12 Table Spoons, 12 Table Forks, 12 Dessert Spoons, 12 Dessert Forks, 12 Tea Spoons, 1 pr. Sugar Tongs, 2 Sauce Ladles, 1 Soup Ladle, 12 Table Knives, 12 Cheese Knives, 1 pr. Meat Carvers, 1 pr. Game Carvers, 1 Knife Sharpener.

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P 616

handicapped by the resistance of the officials.

On this occasion also the sudden attack of 6,000 Arabs upon the twenty-two Jews living in the village was characterised by the Government as a "clash" of two races and no fines were imposed upon the villagers for the pogrom. The Under Secretary of State, Mr. Deeds, speaking at a London meeting, summed up the situation in a sentence by saying that he knew superior officials in Palestine who had never read the Balfour Declaration.

The execution of the British policy requires time, and if the Jews, who throughout history have surely shown a bit of patience, manage as a whole to bear up, individuals perhaps do not always do so. Hence the biting remark of a British official who replied to an urgent request from a Zionist leader by saying, "You have waited 2,000 years; wait a few more." With this attitude may be contrasted the wisdom of a *fellah* in the north of Judea with whom I conversed through an interpreter friend. Dressed in his brown blouse, he stood behind his two black buffaloes and hammered upon his wooden plough. After replying reluctantly to my questions, he said suddenly:

"If they kill a thousand Jews, millions more will come to avenge their brothers. If they kill a thousand Arabs there are millions of others to avenge them, too. Then why do they kill each other?"

Even to the cadence in which it was spoken, this observation of the Arabian peasant resembled the answer of a Jewish scribe. This poor *fellah* came nearer to the solution of the question than all the politicians among the three interested peoples with whom I talked in Jerusalem.

For only by mutual understanding can the Arabs and the Jews live together in this country, which both races possess by virtue of tradition and by virtue of promises given in recognition of their conduct during the World War. No prudent Zionist speaks any longer of the Jewish State of Palestine, but all speak of a home in Palestine. The first would be as senseless as the published assertion of the Arabs that Sir Alfred Mond and Einstein wanted to erect again the Temple of David.

The PALESTINE CONFLICT, II

By Dr. Emil Ludwig

(Continued from p. 385)

Deriving an advantage from their position here as executors of a great part of the conscience of the world, the British must also shoulder the difficulties.

When in 1753 the emancipation of the Jews met with such passionate opposition in England that it had to be immediately rescinded, there appeared an anonymous book, a copy of which a friend of mine recently discovered in the British Museum. In it the writer sought to prove by the Bible, first, that the Jews were destined to assemble again one day in Palestine; second, that the inhabitants of the British Isles would help them to do so; and third, that this action would bring happiness and prosperity to the British themselves—the whole argument laden in the most curious way with Biblical quotations.

This prophecy seems, at least in part, to be on the way to fulfilment. The holy places, for which the League of Nations long has desired to set up a commission (why not entrust the decision to Lord Cecil?), have placed this bit of land in a special category. No Christian State would sanction turning the Church of the Holy Sepulchre over to the Arabs alone. In view of the composition of the population and of the treaties, it would be equally impossible to give the land exclusively to the Jews. Nor can there be any apprehension of its coming under the dominion of a Jewish majority; for even if they had the permission to come, and if there were room enough, not one-fourth of the 16,000,000 Jews in the world would settle in Palestine. There are not 10,000 Western Jews in Palestine to-day.

But millions manifest their interest by lending encouragement and sending money in order, by the establishment of a small, well-ordered, and protected home upon an ancient site, to show the world that here a haven beckons to the persecuted. If there were no anti-Semitism, the Jew would need no Palestine. Just as millions were touched by the dispute over the Wailing Wall, although only a few hundred aged Jews, including scarcely any Zionists, pray upon the spot where these sacred stones lie, so the 16,000,000 Jews were stirred by the idea of Palestine without themselves needing or seeking Palestine.

Propriety alone enjoins that each acknowledge the race from which he comes, be it ever so remote, when that race is calumniated or assailed. Millions of Germans living abroad, whose loyalty to the land of their origin had long since become attenuated, were aroused anew when Germany faced danger and finally defeat. The case of the Jews to-day, I know, is not a parallel one, but it is somewhat analagous. Even though they are destined to remain in the minority there, the newly-established centre represents an ideal towards which, from far and wide, so many eyes are turned. It would not be to Britain's interest, nor would it be possible, for the League of Nations to withdraw the protecting hand and to deliver them up to the caprices of a less advanced race.

But as the Jew, when belonging to a handicapped minority, nevertheless utilised his talents to notable effect in many spheres, he will never be the oppressed, even if he has only a third of the votes in the prospective "parliament" of Palestine which, in the long run, in some preliminary form, will be inevitable. For his character and his history show that the Jew was born to be neither lord nor vassal. Independent and inventive, he has learned actively to adapt himself to circumstances. This he will do here, where history summons him, and he will know how to create a symbolic centre for a dispersed people.

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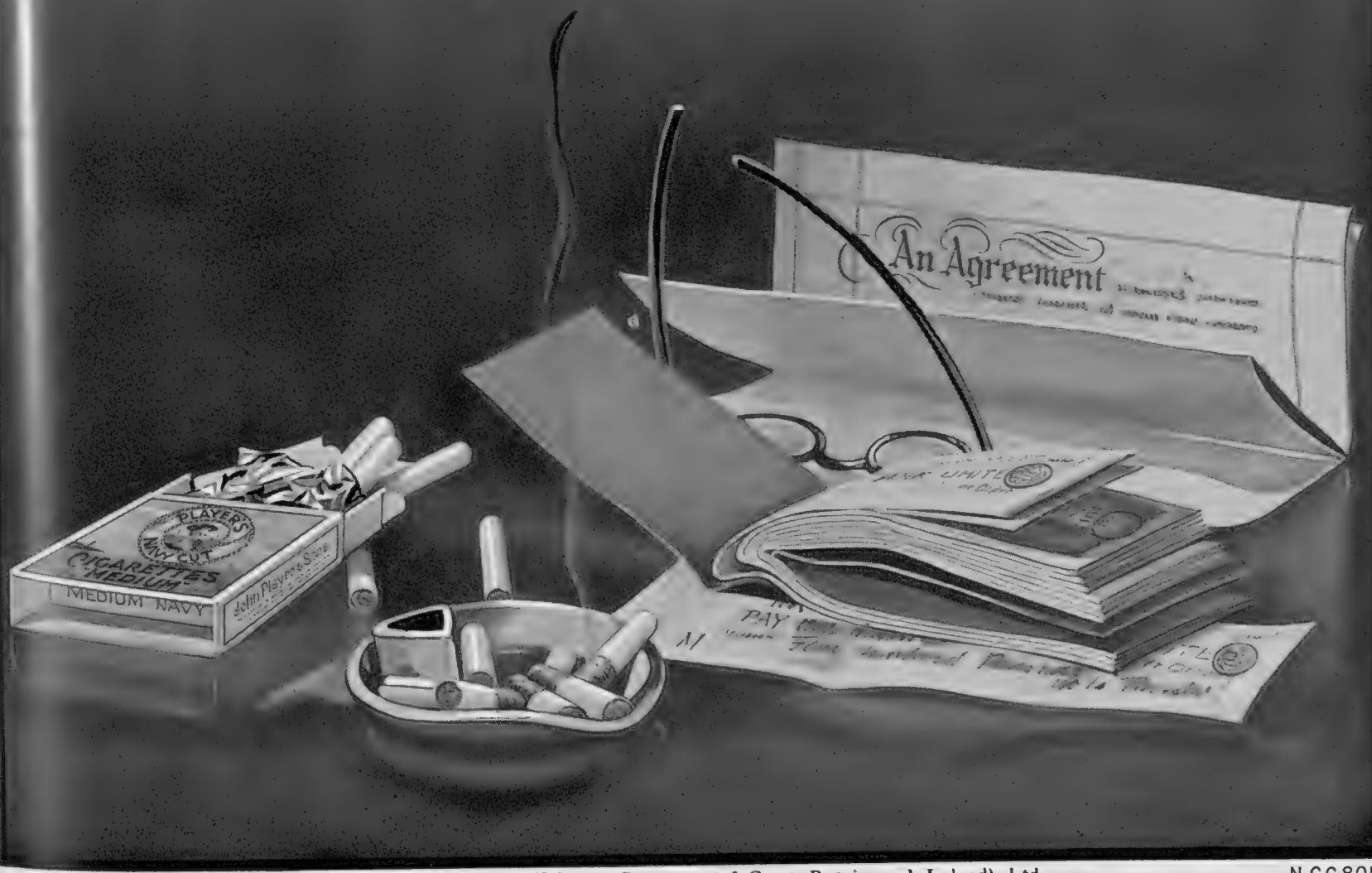


Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. N.C.C 805

The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

A HA'P'ORTH OF TAR.—One of the most interesting matters in connection with owning a motor-car is the experience one gains with the service department of the manufacturers. Throughout the year my friends and myself buy a considerable number of cars and we always make a point of comparing notes as to the treatment we receive during the time of purchase and afterwards.

Some years ago I drove one of our popular small cars which falls into the lowest class as regards size and price, and my experiences were so satisfactory that they were almost unbelievable except to those who owned similar cars. Not so long ago I bought one of the latest models of a certain make, and my experience has been so different that I feel I must make some comments.

The car was bought in the ordinary way of business through an agent in the Home Counties, and in due course it was handed over to me. I had not driven the car half-a-mile before I noticed that the safety-glass windscreen was of such poor quality that the road appeared as a series of waves in such a manner that I always thought I was driving up hill.

Motorists always talk to each other, and one evening I was relating all the details of this horror to a friend of mine, and he very firmly told me that if I drove the car for any length of time looking through glass so defective I should rapidly injure my eyesight. I must confess I had not looked upon the matter in such a serious light, but I had definitely decided that the windscreen would have to go simply because it was unpleasant.

THE INSPECTION (?) DEPARTMENT.—I complained to the agents, and they in turn transmitted my remarks to the manufacturer. I have just received a reply, and it is of such an unlooked-for nature that I am sure it will interest my readers to scan it. Here it is:

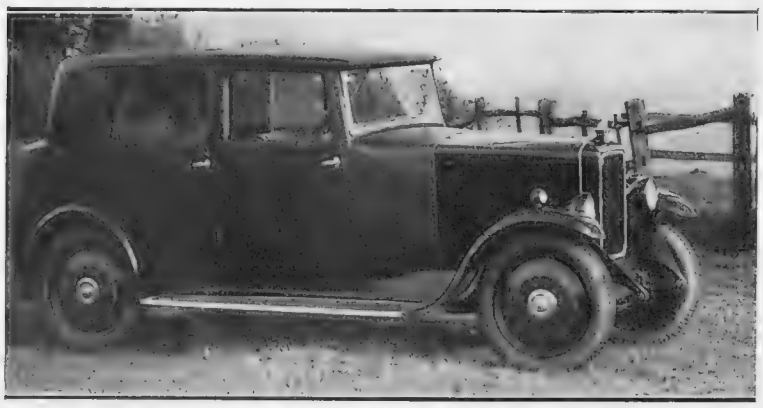
> "We are sorry that in your customer's opinion the safety-glass of this windscreen is the cause of distorted vision being obtained, but we have to remind you that the glass in question has passed the Inspection Dept. of the manufacturers concerned, and is therefore quite up to their standard. If they consider that this is satisfactory there is nothing we can do, and the peculiarity must be accepted as one of the slight disadvantages associated with safety-glass."

Apparently the whole crux of the matter is that the manufacturers' Inspection Department have, in my mind, not done their job. The windscreen of my car should never be allowed to be issued to the public. Apparently there is a craze at the moment to fit safety-glass, but I can assure makers that if this desirable material can only be obtained at a reasonable price by sacrificing quality, the public will very soon turn round and demand ordinary glass.

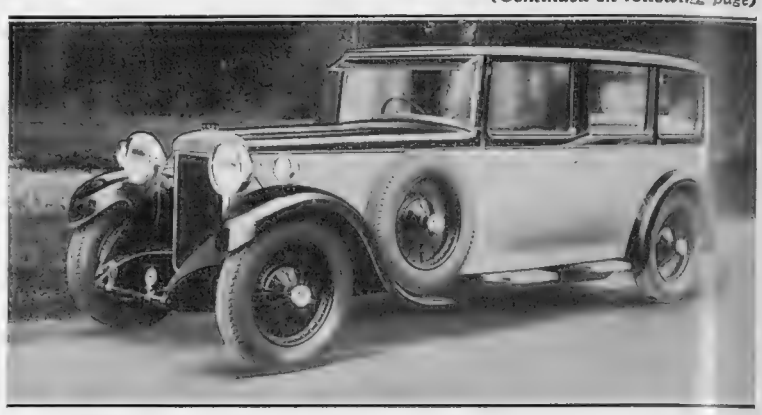
I should certainly be interested to know of the standards that are employed in the Inspection Department which allows such faulty material to pass through. It seems to me that money paid in wages and salaries for such a department is absolutely wasted, because if the piece of glass in question is passed through, it seems to me that nothing would ever be rejected, and inspection is thus reduced to a farce.

The same car also compelled me to get out and lie on the road before I had driven 150 miles because a most fearsome noise came from the transmission. On investigation I discovered that the protection cover on the universal joint had worked loose and was knocking against the floor-boards. Again, every time I applied the foot-brake more noise came from one of the brake drums. The latter trouble was traced to a badly-machined drum which pushed the shoes over a ridge when they were applied. My fourth trouble was a badly-fitted universal joint, which made me tremble because the effect was somewhat similar to a partially seized axle. None of these faults are what one would call serious, but every one of them was definitely annoying, and should never have been permitted to occur.

(Continued on following page)



A High-grade Newcomer: One of the new Armstrong Siddeley 12-h.p. fabric saloons, whose ridiculously low price of £295 makes an immediate appeal to the practical motorist



Exclusiveness and Beauty Combined: A somewhat unusual enclosed limousine body by Messrs. Arthur Mulliner, Ltd., mounted on the new Daimler "Twenty-five" chassis. The running-boards are abandoned in favour of small steps

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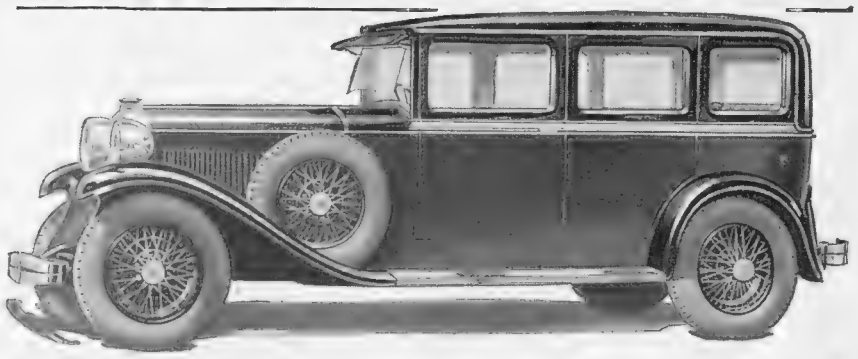

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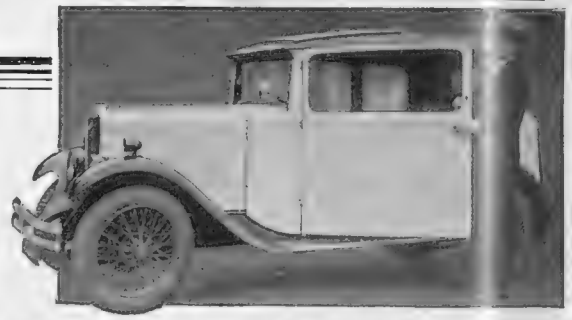

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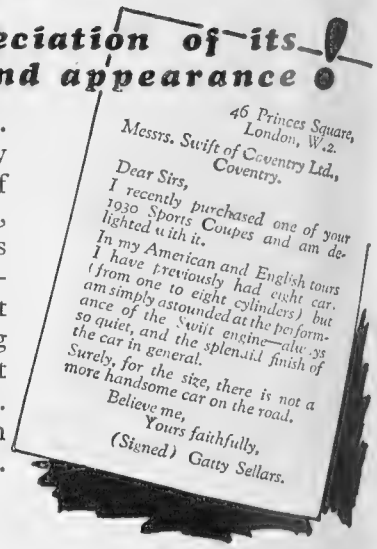

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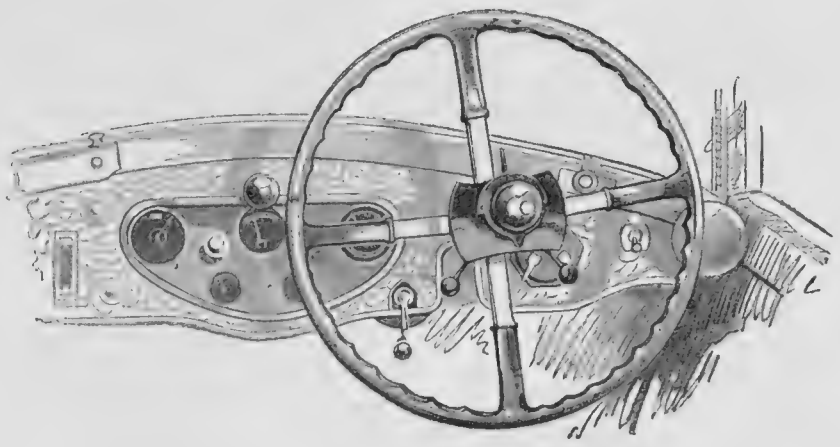

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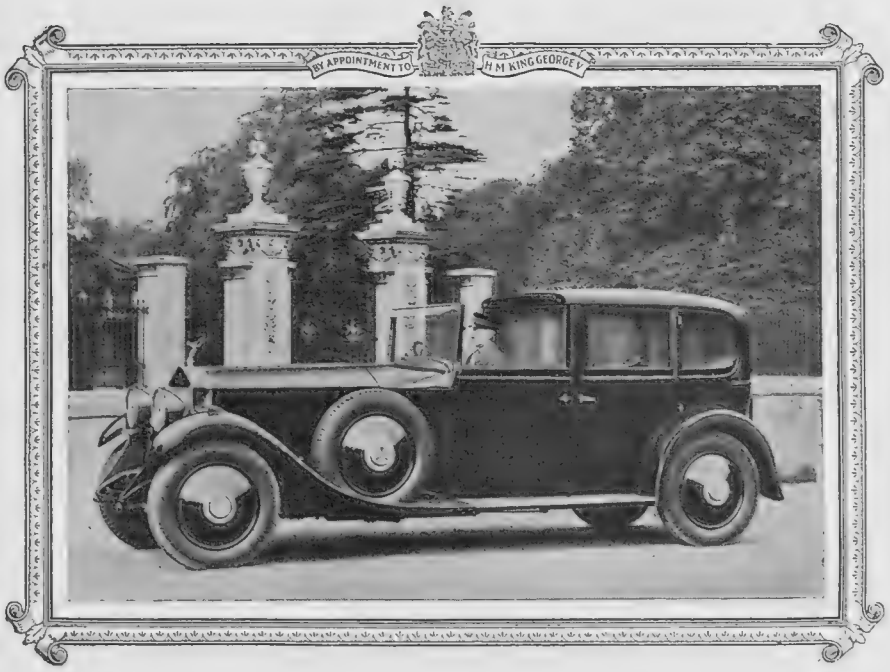

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THE PETROL WORLD

(continued from preceding page)

Mass production is all very well in its way, but unless there are inspection departments and testing staffs which do their work efficiently, and which have been supplied with useful standards, there is a definite danger of faulty motor-cars and badly adjusted mechanism getting into the hands of the public.

Had I not previously had most satisfactory experiences with cars of the same make some years ago, I am afraid that my present troubles would have damned that car for ever so far as I am concerned. At this time when British manufacturers are desiring to expand and progress in overseas markets, I suggest that they tighten up their inspection departments, because such troubles, annoying as they are in this country, would be far more serious if discovered thousands of miles away from the place of manufacture.

I have not yet had an opportunity of testing one of these cars, but I am looking forward to doing so in the near future.

A HANDSOME CAR.—I have just received a catalogue describing the new Jason series of Star cars. This is an entirely new range of 18–50-h.p. and 20–60-h.p. models which are built in the new Star works at Bushbury. This factory is planned on the very latest ideas and these Jason models are built on one floor and under one roof.

To commence with, these new cars have an entirely new radiator design which is more than usually imposing in appearance. The bodywork has been brought as low as possible, and in combination with the high-built radiator makes a very handsome car. Many important improvements have been made in the mechanical features which give increased acceleration and really remarkable road speeds. I would like to point out that these new Star cars are what I might call individually built, there being nothing of a mass production nature in their making. The clutch has been improved, and much attention has been given to the braking system.

AN EMPIRE LINK.—Air Vice-Marshal Sir John Higgins, Director of Research at the Air Ministry, at the Royal United Service Institution recently made the interesting pronouncement that Great Britain, far from being behind other countries, had, at the moment under construction, boats capable of flying for 2,200 miles without stopping. These aircraft, which are a development of the Supermarine Napier Southampton boats which flew from England to Australia, will be capable of flying to all parts of the Empire without alighting in foreign waters, and brings the establishment of an all-red air route, knitting the Empire closer together, appreciably nearer.

AERIAL SERVICE.—Members and Associate-members of the R.A.C. owning aeroplanes are now able to avail themselves of a considerable number of the benefits offered by the club, and generally associated with cars and motor-cycles only. The "Get-you-Home" Service operates in the case of a forced landing, the Road Guides are at the disposal of any airman requiring assistance, and the R.A.C. Touring Department has already been requisitioned on a number of occasions for cross-country routes. In a number of cases members carry the R.A.C. badge on their 'planes, special fittings being provided for this purpose. The R.A.C. wishes to make it clear that whilst it has no special department devoted exclusively to aviation, very many of the benefits it offers are applicable to flying, and the club is prepared to assist in any way possible any of its members who have occasion to require its services whilst "in the air" instead of "on the road."

PSITTACOSIS—

The Parrot's Disease

No reader of the daily papers can fail to have noticed the frequency with which cases of psittacosis have recently been recorded. The disease derives its name from the Greek word for parrot—psittakos, for so far as is known it affects only these birds and the related species like the parrakeet or love-bird.

Although so much prominence has been given to the subject within a relatively few months (for since July, 1928, between thirty and forty suspected cases have been reported in England, chiefly in London, Cheshire, and Warwickshire) it was described as long ago as 1879, when an outbreak occurred in Switzerland and was followed in the next few years by cases in Berne and Leipsic; later in Paris, while in 1914 two cases occurred in England.

When contracted by human beings, the illness, which is usually acute and may become fatal, is characterised by symptoms resembling those of pneumonia or typhoid fever. In the former it may vary from a slight catarrh of the bronchial tubes to the consolidation of whole lobes of the lung. In the cases in which the typhoid symptoms occur, there may be headache and fever with, frequently, bleeding from the nose, rosy spots on the abdomen which is distended, and occasionally diarrhœa.

The cause of the disease is probably due to a germ, but the point is still being investigated in several laboratories, and it will not, therefore, be long before a definite statement is forthcoming. A fact which lends colour to the bacterial origin of the disease when it attacks human beings is that the chief symptoms in the parrot are nasal catarrh and diarrhœa. As the patient usually admits to having kissed the bird or fed it mouth to beak as well as having nursed it during its illness, it is easy to understand how the germs can enter his system to produce what may be a slight disorder, but on the other hand may produce serious symptoms and may even involve death.

It is well, however, that people who have made pets of their parrots for a long time should not become alarmed, for it has been pointed out that there need be no grounds for fear when parrots have been kept in a home for months or years without the introduction of new birds. Indeed, it would seem that the cases of human illness have been attributable largely to recently imported birds, most of which have come from South America. The conditions of their transport may lead to overcrowding, the fouling of their food, water, and cages, with the result that in commercial consignments of parrots a mortality of 50 per cent. sometimes occurs during the long voyage or soon after arrival.

With the care, cleanliness, and hygienic attention which pet birds receive in most households, they are hardly likely to succumb to the disease, for in the London Zoological Gardens there have been no epidemics of psittacosis, a fact attributed to the healthy and cleanly conditions which are maintained there.

In the meantime, people have been advised by the Ministry of Health that it is "not unreasonable for the public to be chary in buying birds which have recently arrived in this country or whose history is unknown to the purchaser."

In any case people owning parrots may be well advised to pay attention to strict cleanliness of the cage, and to see that the parrot's food and water are protected from fouling; to remove from other birds any parrot which falls sick and to disinfect specially the cages they occupied, as well as to remember that petting and fondling birds, which is by no means unusual with those which have been in the house for a long time, may be dangerous in the case of newly-acquired pets.

R. DE C.

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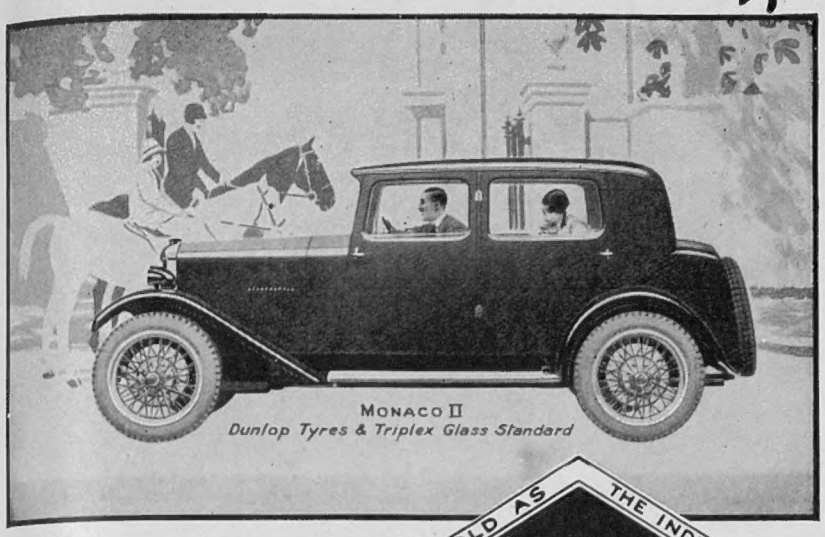

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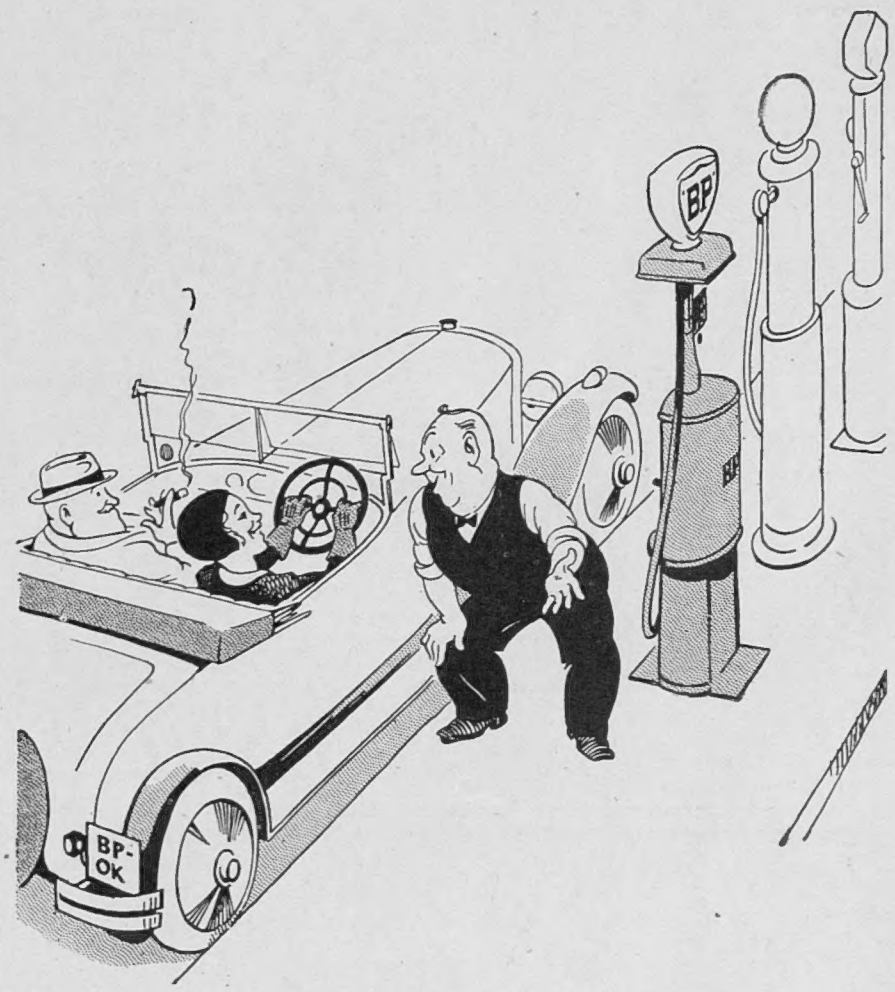

When the man pops the question to me
I keep as composed as can be
And never feel shy,
For, of course, the reply
That a lady should make is "BP"!

The New "BP"

Puts New Life into Your Car

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MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY

A London Landmark that Moved this Week

When, on Monday last, Mudie's Library opened in Queen's House, Kingsway, the old familiar landmark in New Oxford Street, in which it has had its abode since 1852, had passed away.

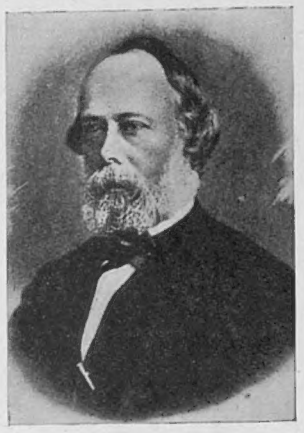
This great organisation, which it is safe to say is unlike any other in the world, started from an idea in the mind of the late Mr. Charles Edward Mudie. Interested in books himself, it occurred to him that other people would be similarly interested if they could borrow literary books of merit instead of being compelled to buy them. With this idea in view he determined to start a small circulating library, and opened a shop at 28, Upper King Street, Russell Square, which is now incorporated in Southampton Row. It started modestly in 1842 with a relatively few works of philosophy, biography, and a certain number of classical novels, the annual subscription for one volume being a guinea. So little headway, however, was made in acquiring new books, that when, in 1850, the first catalogue was printed it contained only 5,000 titles, among them a small proportion of books in French.

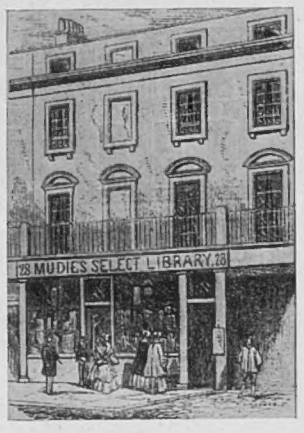
By such leaps and bounds, however, has the collection increased that to-day, in addition to English, there is a large library of books in most European languages.

Ten years after it started the library had so far outgrown its accommodation that Mr. Mudie moved to the commanding New Oxford Street site where the great roads out of London—the Great North Road and the Bath Road—join.

It was in 1860 that the New Oxford Street frontage was opened on the enlarged scale in which it existed until the doors finally closed last Saturday.

In 1862, twenty years after the library was started, the demands of men engaged in the City compelled the opening of a branch in King Street, Cheapside, where it remained for thirty years, when it was moved to Queen Victoria Street. Now there are five branches in various parts of London, one in Liverpool, one in Manchester, one in Eastbourne, and one in Croydon.





THE FOUNDER OF THE FOUNDATION: Mr. Mudie and the first shop which has now grown to gigantic proportions

The founder of Mudie's is credited with having killed the novel published in three volumes, the old "three-decker," as it used to be called, published at £1 11s. 6d. It was his refusal to continue buying books published in this eccentric manner which eventually compelled the publishers to adopt the present custom of issuing them in one volume at a relatively popular price.

Just after the business came of age it was turned into a limited company (in 1864) and the old shares at £20 each bearing Mr. Mudie's signature are still extant. Practically, these shares never come into the market, for if ever they change hands they do so privately.

Not the least interesting fact in connection with Mudie's, is that its subscribers are not by any means limited to Great Britain and Ireland, for they extend all over the Continent, and include crowned heads like the Queen of Spain, to whom parcels of books are sent periodically.

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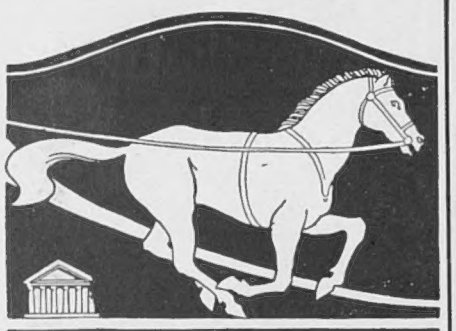

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